

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



FROM ST. LOUIS·MOTHER OF THE AMERICAN
FUR TRADE AND NURSE OF MANY A BOLD EN-
TERPRISE AND BRAVE ADVENTURE IN PIONEER-
ING·SET OUT IN 1806 CAPTAIN ZEBULON PIKE
ON THAT ARDUOUS EXPEDITION THAT RE-
SULTED IN DISCOVERING THE GREAT PEAK THAT IS NOW
HIS MONUMENT·AND EVENTUALLY IN EXTENDING THE
AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES OVER ALL OF THE
GREAT SOUTHWEST

FEBRUARY 7, 1924



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"Look Jane, Jerry brought it!"

J E L L - O

America's most famous dessert

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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THE ROLLING OF THE WORLD

By
Beth B. Gilchrist

MARY ELLEN was the kind of girl who bears the world on her shoulders. She always had been that sort of girl. As a child she had never gone to bed without asking various searching questions of her mother.

"Mother, do you think the house will burn up in the night?"

"Why, no, Mary Ellen, I don't think so."

"Mother, do you suppose father will lose all his money?"

"He hasn't mentioned the probability of any such thing to me, Mary Ellen."

"He looked queer tonight at supper. He didn't notice when Alice told him about that prize she won."

"He was thinking of something else. Your father has a business deal on just now that absorbs him."

"Mother, do you suppose you will die before morning?"

"I don't expect to, Mary Ellen."

"People do things sometimes they don't expect, don't they?"

"They do. But I am feeling very well, Mary Ellen."

Nothing tangible bred Mary Ellen's fears; they came to her out of the vast region of possibility. Since she had always been warm and well fed and comfortable and beloved, she dreaded cold and hunger and discomfort and loneliness—dreaded them acutely, though with no understanding of their nature. From her reading Mary Ellen gathered that they were unavoidable; they came stealthily and pounced suddenly—as Binks, the cat, pounced on a robin. Mary Ellen always cried when Binks got a robin, but getting robins was Binks's nature. That was the way Mary Ellen felt about disaster. Sometime it was going to "get" her.

Nothing greatly bettered the feeling as Mary Ellen grew older. In time she came to take the continued robust health of her family more for granted, as she took for granted the material comfort of their life; she ceased to wake up in the night and lift her little nose above the bedclothes suspiciously to sniff for smoke; she stopped expecting every time father left on a business trip that he would die somewhere in the cars. Nevertheless, she never kissed him good-by without an aching sense that she might be kissing him for the last time; she never saw little Tom climb a tree without thinking that he might fall and break his leg; she never watched big Jim put on the double windows

without a swift mental picture of her adored brother lying crushed under ladder and glass; she never discovered that Alice had been caught in a shower without forecasting pneumonia as a result.

Mary Ellen's mother talked to her seriously. "Mary Ellen, you must stop worrying!"

"Yes," said Mary Ellen. She wished that she could.

"It is making you ill," said her mother.

"I thought maybe you'd got private information we were to have a landslide."

"As if a great solid mountain like that could slide!"

"Oh, I don't know. Queer things happen. It might slump right down on top of us."

Jim was less easy to dismiss; he never failed to put Mary Ellen in possession of facts that were grist for her mill. "Burglary in Seattle," he would say. "Big hold-up. Read it, Mary Ellen?"

"Away out there? No!"

"When last seen the burglars were heading this way."

Mary Ellen knew that he was teasing, and under such treatment certain of her tremors became less vocal.

But there were others that she couldn't suppress. If little Tom was ten minutes late getting home from school, she was sure there

Jim nodded. "Gracious, what would she do if anything really happened?"

"It won't," said Alice.

"If it would cure her of fussing, I almost wish it would!" Jim declared.

That summer Jim went camping in the Maine woods; Alice departed with Aunt Mollie for Europe; mother, taking little Tom with her, accompanied Cousin Annabel, who was an invalid, to Bermuda, and father's Aunt Ellen, from whom Mary Ellen had inherited part of her name, came to keep house for father and Mary Ellen.

"I'm sorry, dear," said mother, "to have so many of us away, but Aunt Mollie invited Alice before I knew Cousin Annabel was counting on me to go with her, and neither of us can very well refuse now. We'll make it up to you another year, dear. Meanwhile I am sure that you will like your Great-Aunt Ellen, and that she will be glad to have you invite your friends to the house as much as you like. She is a very jolly sort. Have the best time you know how, and whatever you do don't worry about the rest of us!"

But that was precisely what Mary Ellen did do. Her good-bys were tearful. Jim was enthusiastic over camp, but of course he was liable to death by drowning; weren't the papers crowded with accounts of accidents on lake and river? As for Alice and mother and Tom, ocean voyages were full of hazard!

Great-Aunt Ellen, waving and smiling as the train bore the travelers away on the first lap of their various journeys, turned back cheerfully to Mary Ellen. "Dry your tears, child. You and I will make out to have a pretty good time here at home, I guess."

"I don't suppose I shall ever see them again," replied Mary Ellen sadly.

"Well, now, I'd call that goin' a little mite far," said the little old lady briskly. "The law of probabilities is against breakin' the whole kit and bilin' of 'em when your eggs aren't all in one basket."

That was more than Mary Ellen could fathom at the moment, but Aunt Ellen's tone was more intelligible; it sounded inveterately cheerful. But then, thought Mary Ellen, they weren't Great-Aunt Ellen's family, not anywhere near so much as Mary Ellen's! And after all being a great-aunt did something to you; your feelings, Mary Ellen supposed, must become rather dull after having been in use so long.

For days Mary Ellen went about expecting telegrams, cablegrams or radiograms of disaster. Every time the

doorbell or the telephone rang Mary Ellen's heart gave a jump. It might be—what mightn't it be! But days passed into weeks; the weeks lengthened, and only cheerful letters arrived from the adventurers. Jim's camp was "great"; Alice's travels were "marvellous"; Bermuda was "delightful."

What did happen was not at all what Mary Ellen had expected, although, to be sure, she had long had the possibility of such an occurrence in her mind. What hadn't Mary Ellen had in her mind!

Mary Ellen had been busy with a guest and hadn't had time to notice much about father except that, as often happened, he was absorbed.

The guest departed, and that evening her father called Mary Ellen into the library.

"Mary Ellen," he remarked, "that saddle



"Charming," said mother, "I like this!"

What, thought Mary Ellen with sudden apprehension, if she should be sick and die! "I am very much troubled about you, Mary Ellen."

Could there really be anything the matter with her!

"It is very foolish, Mary Ellen, to act as if you had the world on your shoulders. You, a schoolgirl! What good can it do except to make you unhappy, dear?"

"I know, mother, but how can I help it?"

"Make yourself help it! Put these thoughts out of your head."

Mary Ellen looked hopeful; she promised to try. But what good could trying do? Trying not to worry only added another care to her already full pack.

The rest of the family were less patient than mother; they alternately laughed and scoffed. "Elephant Back going out tonight?" Alice would ask seriously.

"What do you mean?"

"Your face is so long," Alice explained elaborately.

DRAWN BY
D. J. ROSENMEYER



horse you asked me for a while ago, are you very much set on it?"

"Why, I think it would be nice," said Mary Ellen. "Sally Jones has one. And you know you told me if I would stay home this summer while the others went off I could choose anything I liked for a present."

"I know I did, and I hate to go back on my word, but the fact is I'm busted."

"You're what?" asked Mary Ellen.

"Busted," said father. "Broke. Anyway you care to put it. The fact is, Mary Ellen, we're poor."

The word meant little to Mary Ellen. "Does mother know?" she asked wonderingly.

"Not yet—for sure. You're the first one I've told, Mary Ellen."

The girl felt a pleasant sense of importance. "Not Aunt Ellen?"

He shook his head.

Mary Ellen tried to be practical. "What will being poor mean, father?"

"No pony for one thing."

"Oh, that!" Already the horse she had wanted looked far away, pushed out of mind.

"Another house," father continued haltingly. "This one is too big to swing on a reduced income. Somewhat less than you have been used to in the matter of clothes and parties and affairs of that sort."

"Shall we all leave school and go to earning money?" asked Mary Ellen.

"I think I shall still be able to give my children an education, though your schools may not be those you've been used to; they're rather expensive."

"I'd like to earn money, father?"

"You may have to some day. Not just yet. The fact is, Mary Ellen, I'd like to consult you."

Mary Ellen was conscious of a distinct feeling of pleasure. "It happens," said father, "that one of my creditors wants this house—wants it next month if he has it at all. That means rather quick work, you see. And your mother can't possibly get here. I've cabled for her reply to the offer. He's a generous chap, and he will take the house furnished, allowing your mother of course to reserve such articles as she has a peculiar affection for. Now what I'm getting at, Mary Ellen, is this. If your mother says yes to the man's offer, I'd like, when she gets back, to have a little place all ready for us to move into—papered and painted and all the preliminaries accomplished. See? Your mother thought a good deal of your taste in furnishing that doll house you've made; she spoke to me more than once about it. If you and I could find a little house, and you could choose the papers, Mary Ellen, and the men could be through with the inside work by the time your mother gets home, it would take quite a bit off her shoulders."

Mary Ellen was now thoroughly excited. A real house! A grown-up house, even though a little one! What fun! Her eyes began to shine. "Father, I'd love to!" she cried.

"That's good," he patted her hand. "I thought I could count on you. Now suppose we tell Aunt Ellen."

Great-Aunt Ellen took the matter philosophically. "Well, now," she said, "I've always said blessed be nothin'. It don't keep a body see-sawin' about so. How long have you seen this comin' on, James?"

"More or less for a year. That is, I've known it was likely. Thought, if I could stave it off long enough, I'd avert it."

A year! And for the past year Mary Ellen had had no premonition at all about poverty! She thought her father looked tired, and she kissed him. "I think a little house will be wonderful, father," she said.

An hour later Mary Ellen mounted to her room. Her mind was topsy-turvy; a thing that she had dreaded had come at last, and it didn't feel a bit the way she had thought it would. On the contrary, it was pleasantly exciting.

The next day she and her father went house-hunting. That too was novel and thrilling. Mary Ellen had always adored playing house; as a child she had been content for hours to cut out paper furniture and paste it in a big flat book, the pages of which she had previously bedecked with assorted wall papers. Those book houses and the doll houses of three dimensions had been play. How much more satisfying to turn your play into something soberly earnest! Mary Ellen could hardly keep from skipping.

Father and daughter looked at house after house. They were all small; some hadn't bedrooms enough, and some hadn't closet space enough. "Mother will want plenty of closet room," Mary Ellen reminded him.

"It's lucky I've got you along, Mary Ellen," he replied.

At last they found it! The moment Mary Ellen laid eyes on the little gray clapboarded house cuddling under big elms she lost her heart to it. She fairly held her breath, she was so afraid it would prove to have some "out." Mary Ellen was prepared to discount many "outs" for the sake of that adorable house. But there was nothing wrong with it. There were bedrooms enough, closets enough and a fireplace flanked with low bookcases.

"What do you think of it, Mary Ellen?"

"I love it!"

"Well, well," her father replied, "that seems to settle it. As a matter of fact I like it myself. We'll put your Great-Aunt Ellen in here in charge of the cleaning. Then for your paperers and painters. I'll tell Walling to send up what you select."

Mary Ellen walked importantly through the little house. In making doll houses she had read a good deal about house furnishing; mother had helped her by hints and suggestions, and she and her mother had talked over rooms in friends' houses. The girl brought to her problems much previous thought and some experience.

"Father," she said, "it's such a little house, don't you think it would look bigger if I did it all in one color downstairs? And maybe upstairs too?"

"Sounds reasonable," said father. "But suit yourself; the place is in your hands."

Mary Ellen squeezed father's arm all the way home.

"You look pretty happy, Mary Ellen, for a poor girl."

"I do love furnishing houses, father. What did mother say in her cable?"

"Your mother is the best sport I know," said father. "She said yes to everything and added her blessing. I've a notion you take after her, Mary Ellen."

"Is being poor going to give you more time, father?"

The man looked at the girl closely. "It may."

"Then I think it will be jolly. Doing things with you is such fun, I mean."

"I rather like this myself," said father.

"Suppose we top off at Brace's with a sundae."

"Oh!" said Mary Ellen. Her tone bespoke complete contentment.

"Father," she asked over her sundae, "what if Aunt Ellen should want to help me? You know she might think I'm not old enough to select wall papers."

"I'll attend to that," said father.

So Mary Ellen went to Walling's alone. The responsibility of her choices made her very careful. She looked one afternoon, "slept on it" and looked again. The clerk was attentive and not too full of suggestions.

Then Mary Ellen decided. Mother had inherited from her mother a good deal of Colonial furniture, and that, thought Mary Ellen, would be what mother would keep.

So for downstairs she chose soft blue; the girl had heard that old mahogany and blue were admirable in conjunction. For upstairs she used a pale yellow indeterminate stripe.

Mother liked October, when the trees were yellow; Mary Ellen had often heard her speak of loving the golden light that yellow trees diffuse through the streets. She hoped for some such effect from her yellow paper.

And everywhere the paint was to be ivory white.

"How about the kitchen?" inquired Great-Aunt Ellen. "You don't want your mother to work too hard herself or have to spend too much money on scrub women."

Those considerations were new to Mary Ellen. "I'll speak to the painter," she said.

"For the kitchen I've chosen the darlinest blue and white check—a paper you can wash!" she finished triumphantly.

In the end the kitchen paint was gray blue, not too light for use or too dark for pleasure.

But before the kitchen was done Great-Aunt Ellen and Mary Ellen spent many busy days superintending and watching.

The girl loved to see the workmen put on the paint; she loved to see room after room clothe itself in the color of her choice.

And then at last the night before mother's expected arrival the little house was finished.

Mary Ellen had been so afraid that a few left-over workmen would spoil mother's first glimpse of it!

The girl and her great-aunt and her father made a last tour together. Nothing had been forgotten. Immaculate but empty, the little house awaited mother's furnishing.

"I must say, Mary Ellen," remarked

Great-Aunt Ellen, "it looks to me as if you had done a good job here."

The next day mother and little Tom arrived, and close on their heels came Jim and Alice. Mary Ellen had actually forgotten to worry lest accidents should happen to them on the way home, she had been so full of thoughts of the house. That day she had furnished the living room. Would mother like it all?

"Mary Ellen and I have a surprise for you," said father to the reunited family assembled at dinner.

"Another?" asked Jim. Jim and Alice had not learned of the family's altered fortune till their return. They were inclined to stand somewhat aghast at the change. "A little house will be awfully stuffy," thought Alice.

Mary Ellen drew father aside in the hall and whispered to him. Then she slipped away. When the family set out on their quest she was nowhere to be found.

The fact is Mary Ellen had had an idea. The day was in September, dark and rather chill, and a light rain was falling. Mary Ellen had observed that small things make an astonishing difference with first impressions. So into the little house under the elms slipped the girl, then through the house to the cellar. Presently she was on her knees before the fireplace in the living room.

Thus it came about when father opened the front door to mother and Aunt Ellen and Alice and Jim and little Tom bright flames were leaping on the hearth in the living room to the right, where a birch log was chattering busily.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary Ellen's mother in surprise. "Why, this is delightful!"

"What a darling house!" exclaimed Alice. "Charming," said mother. "I like this! Who did it?"

"Mary Ellen," said father.

"Mary Ellen?"

"Mary Ellen."

Mother put out both hands warmly. "Why, dear, it is lovely!"

"Wait till you've seen upstairs and the kitchen," said Mary Ellen.

"Such a good idea to use the same paper."

Mother was on her way upstairs. "Oh, and you've done it up here too. Such pretty, soft, quiet papers!"

Unwonted admiration was in Alice's glance when the family returned from their tour of inspection. "I didn't know you knew enough, Mary Ellen. Didn't anybody help you?"

"Mary Ellen did it all herself," said father.

Five pairs of eyes rested approvingly on her. She looked as the family had never remembered seeing her—unfretted and smiling and happy.

"Well," said Jim, "you seem to like being poor, Mary Ellen!"

"Oh, I do!" Mary Ellen's tone was fervent. "I've had a perfectly beautiful time!"

Then she fairly jumped at her own discovery. The thing that all her life she had worried about actually had made her happy!

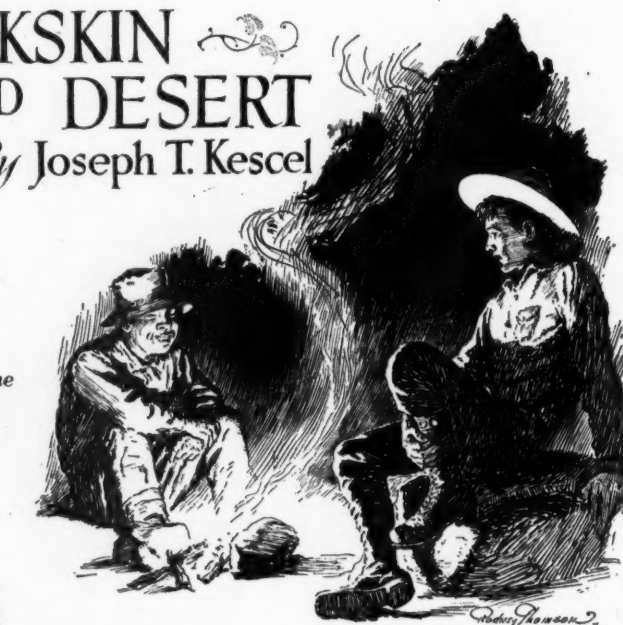
And with that discovery came another. Since she had learned they were poor all her other worries had dropped away; the whole troublesome tribe had left together. The world had rolled off Mary Ellen's shoulders.

BUCKSKIN AND DESERT By Joseph T. Kessel

DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMPSON

Chapter Nine

Pedro's fireworks



UT through the gateway dashed Smoky; he paid no attention to the many arms flung upward in an effort to head him off, but turned and rushed down Main

Street. Behind him bounced the wagon. The wheels clattered, the springs creaked, the tinware rattled, and Lee Lung bawled. Lee made no attempt to get rid of the boiler, which was tilted at a rakish angle over his head and right shoulder.

Dal stepped from the livery stable office just in time to see Smoky, Lee and the new wagon go tearing by. "What under the sun—" He said no more, but darted to a saddle horse tied in front of the stable, jerked the tie rope free and vaulted into the saddle.

Everyone gave the long-eared Smoky the right of way. Pedestrians scurried to places of safety; chauffeurs and teamsters pulled close up to the sidewalk. "Yi! Stopum! Be fast! O Dally! Be fast!" came in muffled tones from under the boiler.

Smoky was running as he had never run before, and, as he was going downhill, the swaying load behind him did not make him slacken speed.

"Help! Help! Be fast!" squawked Lee, gripping the seat with both hands.

"Coming! Coming, Lee!" Dal was close to him, for the horse he rode was a good one.

Dal saw that Smoky had to be stopped before he reached the sharp turn at the foot of the incline or the wagon would surely

upset. But Smoky never reached the turn. Much to the astonishment of the spectators Smoky's nose, which was sticking straight out as he raced along, suddenly shifted a little to the left. Then quick as a wink he firmly planted all four hoofs on the ground and threw his hind quarters downward until his scraggly black tail dragged in the dust.

Owing to his own momentum and to that of the wagon behind him, he was carried bodily forward for a good half dozen yards. But so sudden was the stop that the boiler blew from Lee's head, and Lee himself was thrown against the dashboard; his arms and the upper part of his body hung over it, and his eyes were shut tight. He kept yelling for help.

Before Dal could jump from his horse the old burro was again standing upright between the shafts and had turned his nose sharply to the left. He took a step forward and sniffed. He took another step and sniffed again. Then, breaking into a trot, he dragged the wagon across the sidewalk into an alley and poked his head through an open door. A loud yell of terror came from within.

Dal bounded into the alley, hardly knowing whether to help his partner, who still was hanging over the dashboard, or the person who seemed to be in such agony inside the house. In the agonized screams there seemed to be a frenzied appeal for help. Dal ran past the wagon. In two strides he reached the door just as Smoky threw his head aside to dodge a missile twice the size of

a baseball; it struck Dal square in the face and knocked him backward to the ground.

The missile—a soft piece of dough—had been hurled with all the strength of the widow McCarty's right arm. The widow, red-headed and muscular, ran a bakery, which occupied all of the frame structure that was now echoing with her tirade against the burro. Her bread, cookies, pies, cakes and doughnuts were famous throughout the neighborhood. The delicious odor that was floating through the bake-shop door had reached Smoky's nostrils. He now stood erect in the doorway, intently regarding the angry woman walking menacingly toward him, with an uplifted rolling pin in her hand.

"Get out of this, you thievin' old monster!" stormed the widow, flourishing the rolling pin. "Git back out of this now, or I'll crack your old head!"

"Please don't hit him, Mrs. McCarty!" cried Dal, again advancing to the door. His face was plastered with the soft dough; he could see only from one eye, and he had to dig the dough from his mouth before he could speak.

Mrs. McCarty lowered the rolling pin. "Who in the world are you?" she asked sharply.

"I'm Dal Hamilton, Mrs. McCarty," answered Dal somewhat thickly, again running his hand over his sticky mouth.

Several men had rushed into the alley, one of whom rushed to Lee's side and tried to lift him back into his seat. As the Chinese boy felt the miner's hands upon him he gave another call for help.

Dal was at his partner's side as soon as he could get there. "Are you hurt, Lee?" he inquired. "Are you hurt?"

"I must be 'bout killed," he said with as much dignity as he could muster. "And I know my arms most pulled out from holdin' Smoky back."

The laughing men helped to get Smoky and the wagon back on Main Street. Then Dal and Lee, having gathered up the scattered tinware, drove down to the Yankee Doodle without further mishap.

Anyone passing the place a few days later would have thought that they had gone into the junk business. They were collecting all the scrap tin and soft iron that they could get their hands on. A great pile of pans, pots, kettles, old cans and sheet iron rapidly rose on their ground. At the end of the week the pile had grown to an enormous size, for the boys of the camp, getting wind of their buying, began to arrive from all quarters with damaged tinware. This was their chance to pick up a little spending money, and they certainly improved it. They left not a scrap of tin in any attic, woodshed or back yard in Cobre Rico.

But the deliveries came at length to an end, partly because the boys could find nothing more to sell, partly because Dal and Lee had spent all their money. But that did not bother them, for they were sure they had made an excellent investment.

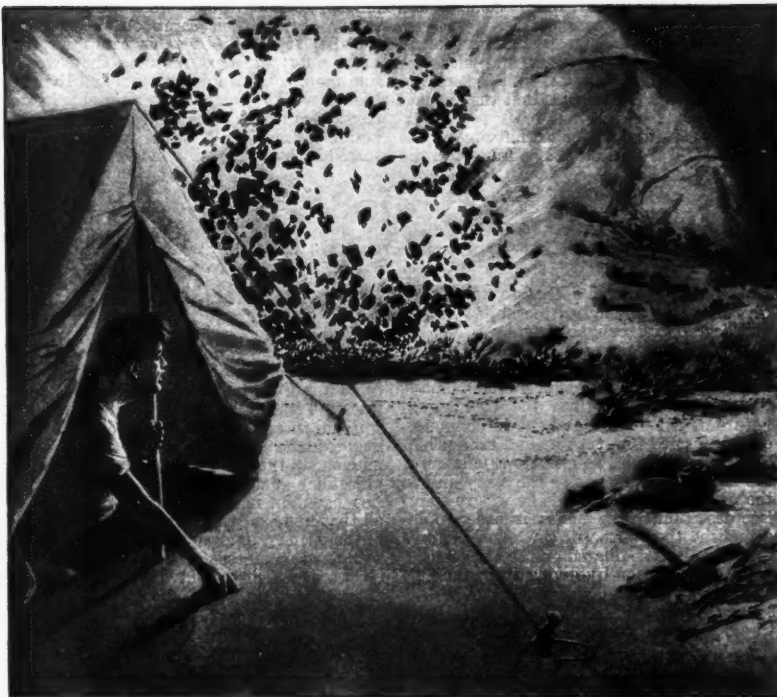
Pedro Letran, however, was much perplexed. He knew that old tin was not needed in truck gardening. As the pile grew his astonishment grew with it.

Saturday evening the boys had rolled into their blankets early. Hours passed. About two o'clock in the morning Lee awoke and rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? Water could not burn! Yet he had seen a purplish blaze come from the spring! Lee stared. The flames died away only to flare up again larger, brighter and more awesome than before. Lee wanted to cry out and wake his partner, who was sleeping on the opposite side of the tent, but he couldn't make a sound; nor could he move. His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and his whole body was cold and stiff.

Up rose the flames, higher and brighter. They showed the porphyry dyke. There was no mistake; the spring was now a spring of fire—ominous, violet fire. Lee gazed at it, wide-eyed, terror-stricken, helpless from fright. The next moment there was a loud explosion, then another and another.

Dal, waking with a start, was on his feet at once. He too saw violet flames, billowy, spectacular, terrifying. Never had he seen anything to equal them. Then again rapid explosions seemed to shake the earth. To the boys staring into the blaze the whole world seemed to have turned violet. The ground, the cactus, the sagebrush and the porphyry dyke were all the same color.

Suddenly close at hand there was a



The huge pile of tinware . . . swelled, heaved, burst asunder and flew skyward

thunderous report that brought a squawking "Oh, my!" from Lee Lung and a gasp from Dal. The earth shook, and then, as if heaved upward by some tremendous subterranean force, the huge pile of tinware, barely thirty yards from the tent and fifty times its size, swelled, heaved, burst asunder and flew skyward.

A big, rusty dish pan banged on the ridge-pole and slid down a sloping roof of the tent to the ground. Then cans, pots and boilers showered down in a clatter that not even the explosions drowned out. Clatter! Rattle! Bang! Boom! Bang! There came a larger burst of flame than any that had come before. Then the clinking, rattling din gradually ceased, and the violet fire slowly died away. Smoky brayed, and then silence again settled on the hills. The tent, although half covered with battered tinware, had withstood the shock. Dal reached out and poked his partner.

"Oh, my!" yelled Lee. "When you touch me I think that I goner! This awful volcano—"

"Volcano! What volcano?" asked Dal. Then, lowering his voice to a whisper, he added, "You've got it wrong, pardner! Still I don't blame you, with all that fire and racket. But Pedro's at the bottom of it. Probably he has guessed why we want the water, and all the fireworks and bombardment are to scare us. He probably wants us to give up our lease or maybe take him into partnership. He thinks if he could scare us stiff first we'd be willing to do anything. But we're not scared, pardner, and he's got another guess coming."

"Oh, no! We no scared!" said Lee. "But why for fire comin' from water? And why for awful blow-ups, huh?"

"Dynamite caused the explosions," Dal whispered. "Potassium made the fire. When it is dropped on water it will blaze up. That was one of the first experiments I learned when I began studying chemistry."

"You sure about what you say?" asked Lee.

"Yes, pardner, quite."

Lee sniffed. "Then what that awful smell? Ain't that volcano smoke?"

"No," Dal replied. "You know what that is; it's the smoke from the burned fuses and dynamite gas. Take a good whiff of it and think."

Lee intended to do as he was told, but quickly changed his mind, for from somewhere out in the night came the clatter of feet trampling over the scattered tinware. Bang! Clatter! Clank! Bang! Closer and closer came the sounds until at last old Smoky poked his head through the open tent front.

Lee gave a sigh of relief when he recognized the visitor and then broke into a fierce tirade against Pedro. He talked until he was tired, but at daylight, when he saw what the dynamite had done to the junk heap, he found that he had not exhausted the subject.

As Dal had expected, about ten o'clock Pedro appeared. He looked angry and was angry; his dark face was long and sour. "Looka here, you!" he cried. "What kind of a ranikaboo is this you've put up on me! You said that you were goin' to use the water from my spring to raise garden stuff. You lied to me! I know what you're goin' to do with that water. That is, if I let you, which I ain't! I'm goin' to bust that lease. The whole thing's mine, and I won't have anything to do with you. Nuthin'! Just nuthin'! You lied to me!"

"We never done no such thing!" Lee replied in a loud voice, stepping behind his partner. "You cheatum yourself. You sayum we want water to irrigate ground! We no sayum that!"

At that moment John Irvan, the big, hearty manager of the Copper Jacket, mounted on a fine gray horse, came over the ridge behind the tent. The animal gingerly worked his way down the slope through the battered junk. Mr. Irvan drew rein beside the boys with a cheery "Good morning!" He intimated that he wanted to see the partners alone.

Pedro, who had a good idea what the manager of the Copper Jacket wanted to talk about, broke out afresh. Mr. Irvan, however, told him to be quiet and then suggested that the boys come to his office.

"Very well, sir," Dal replied and prepared to start at once.

Before noon the old burro was contentedly munching alfalfa in the company stable while in the office Dal and Lee talked business with Mr. Irvan. Even though there was a bargain to be struck, Lee kept silent. He was overwhelmed and speechless, for the deal involved not a mere matter of cents, but a fortune.

Mr. Irvan made a proposal that was not acceptable to Dal. Dal made a proposal that was not acceptable to Mr. Irvan. But as time passed they came nearer and nearer to an agreement. Dal, taking a paper from his shirt pocket, began to give figures.

He knew exactly what the water contained, both from tests of his own and from those of a local chemist. He had also measured the flow. In the course of twenty-four hours it reached an astonishing number of gallons. He mentioned the number.

"Quite so! Quite so!" said Mr. Irvan easily,

resting an elbow on his desk. "And you're asking a pretty stiff price!"

"None too much, sir," Dal replied. "I noticed several days ago that some of your engineers were measuring the volume of water coming from the spring. And I presume that you have also had tests made. So you know about what we've got."

Mr. Irvan leaned back in his chair. "Oh, yes, I know what you've got! A man who's been following mining as long as I have isn't likely to jump into a deal without having a line on what he wants to buy. And of course I want to look out for the interests of my company. Therefore,"—he smiled,— "I guess I'll meet your price. We can finish the balance of the business this afternoon at our lawyer's."

Lee felt like yelling with joy. Yet somehow he managed to control his feelings and to sit stiffly erect. Dal, though his heart was beating quickly, replied quietly, "Very well; we will be there."

By four o'clock that afternoon the transaction was completed, and the boys had a bank balance that ran into large figures. Mr. Irvan, who was standing at the window, saw Pedro on the opposite side of the street. "That fellow," he remarked casually, "tried to sell us all his ground yesterday. We don't mind buying it, because the spring is there and buying it will prevent all chances of a law suit. But of course we're not going to give him any such price as we've given you for your water lease—a few hundred dollars maybe. What he should have done

is to have formed a partnership with you lads." Then, turning to Dal, he added, "And now would you mind telling us just how you got on to this?"

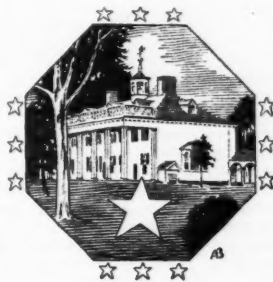
Dal did not mind at all. After telling what was necessary about the hair map, he recounted the fortunate discovery to which it had led. "Lee and I had finished our lunch down beside the creek," he continued, "when I started flipping pebbles against what I supposed was a small, round tin can partly buried in the mud and water. One of the pebbles knocked the can over, and I could see that it was only half a can with a raw edge that looked as if it might have been eaten by a powerful erosive. Right away I was interested. A moment later, after I had rubbed some of the decomposed particles between my thumb and forefinger, I was excited. Then I ran my hand down into the mud and found more of the same slimy, greenish stuff that I'd found on the tin. In a flash I had the whole thing. There was copper in the water, and it was eating the tin. In several camps where I have been I have seen copper precipitated from water by running it through shallow, wooden tanks filled with old tinware. 'Way up in the range was Cobre Rico, with not a single mine pumping water, although the formation was wet. At once it struck me that the millions and millions of tons of ore in the mountains were being leached by the water slowly seeping through it—taking up the tiniest particles of copper in solution here and there. Not a great deal at any place, but when it was all brought together at the spring it was a bonanza. For as soon as the water was brought into contact with tin in sufficient quantities the copper would be thrown down as a copper precipitate."

Dal looked at Mr. Irvan for confirmation, and Mr. Irvan nodded. "Of course," he resumed, "we didn't have much money, so we had to watch the corners pretty close. And, knowing that the tin would be eaten mighty fast, we gobbled up what we could before the price went up. Our original plans were—unless we sold our lease—to build gradually a precipitation plant something like the one at Conda with more than two acres of shallow tanks. But, as you have bought the lease, why, we'd like to sell you the junk also."

Lee, who had been willing enough to let his partner handle the big transaction, was now in his element. "Yeah!" he exclaimed at once. "Nicee pot! Nicee boiler. Nicee bucket. All fine. Most like new 'cept one or two piece that get blow up by dynamite last night. How much you give forum?"

"One dollar!" boomed the man of big affairs, keeping his face straight.

Cold chills began running up and down Lee's back. That junk had cost nearly two hundred dollars besides their time, and now a dollar was being offered for it! What an awful blow! With his hand up to his ear Lee asked meekly, "How much you say, mista?"



Mr. Irvan gave his reply in a whisper so low that only the make-believe deaf boy heard it. He could not control his voice. "Fi! hundred dolla!" he cried. "I hear you plain 'nough! Here! Shake hands to seal the bargain!"

Five hundred dollars was the price agreed upon, and the business for the day was over. When the boys left, Pedro was still stand-

ing across the way. Mr. Irvan beckoned him to come into the lawyer's office.

It was an hour later when Pedro again stepped out on the sidewalk, and, although he was not at all satisfied with the turn of events, he was obliged to admit that he had been dealt with fairly.

As he slouched off for his hut among the sagebrush Dal Hamilton, Lee Lung and the

smoky-white old burro were walking jubilantly toward their camp on the Yankee Doodle. It would be their camp for the night only; the next morning they would find more comfortable quarters and then at leisure would decide what they should do next. Meanwhile at the old camp they sat beside a crackling blaze of sagebrush and talked both of their past and of their future.

Some hard times lay behind them; more adventures might be ahead of them; but the adventure of the Navaho's legacy had ended and ended well. They grew silent. They gazed into the ruddy flames that were lighting up their faces and dreamed. And beside them within arm's reach Smoky was lying down also, and perhaps he too was dreaming.

THE END

JOHN CHAMPE: A HERO OF THE REVOLUTION

By Maj. Gen. William Harding Carter



IMEDIATELY after the capture of Major André and the desertion of Benedict Arnold one of Washington's secret agents in New York conveyed to him the astounding information that other American officers including a major general were reported to have been in the conspiracy to surrender West Point. That feature of the situation excited in Washington the most profound interest, and he determined if possible to secure Arnold alive, learn whether the rumor emanated from the British headquarters and finally save the talented young adjutant general, André, from the awful consequences of having been captured as a spy.

In the crisis Washington sent for Light Horse Harry Lee, the father of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was then commanding the Legion cavalry posted in front of the American Army and handed a bundle of papers to him for perusal. Washington then said to Major Lee:

"I have sent for you in the expectation that you have in your corps men capable and willing to undertake an indispensable, delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward upon this occasion will lay me under great obligations personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost; he must proceed if possible this night. My object is to probe to the bottom the afflicting intelligence contained in the papers you have just read, to seize Arnold and by getting him to save André. While my emissary is engaged in preparing means for the seizure of Arnold the guilt of others can be traced; and the timely delivery of Arnold to me will possibly put it into my power to restore the amiable and unfortunate André to his friends. My instructions are ready, in which you will find my express orders that Arnold is not to be hurt, but that he be permitted to escape if that is to be prevented only by killing him, since his public punishment is the only object I have in view. This you cannot too forcibly press upon whomsoever may engage in the enterprise; and this fail not to do. With my instructions are two letters to be delivered as ordered, and here are some guineas for expenses."

Major Lee held the men of his Virginia Legion in high esteem and knew well there were many among them daring enough for the most dangerous enterprise, but here was an undertaking demanding an order of intelligence not usually found except among commissioned officers. As the first step in Major Lee's scheme required that the agent

Champe was a man likely to reject any overture that threatened to subject him to any degradation or ignominy.

The matter was urgent and of the highest importance to Washington as commander in chief. Major Lee sent for young Champe and, impressing on him the confidential nature of what he was about to communicate, informed him that he had chosen him of all his comrades to execute a mission of the highest importance to the army and to the nation; in a word, that he was to simulate desertion to the enemy in order to accomplish the purposes in Washington's mind. Major Lee dilated on the compliment paid to the Legion by giving them the first opportunity to render such a distinguished service, an opportunity the like of which would never occur again during the war.



Champe left Major Lee at eleven o'clock at night

The chance of detection he presented to Champe as small and the consequences of success as large and of undying benefit to him who should achieve it; he added that it seldom fell to the lot of an individual to render the state such service.

Champe listened with deep attention as Major Lee explained in detail all that was expected of him and replied that no soldier exceeded him in respect and affection for Washington or in the desire to serve him, that he would not be deterred by the danger and difficulty to be encountered in the undertaking, but that he hesitated only because of the ignominy incident to desertion from the organization of which he was proud, and

Champe what it would mean to the Legion, whose *esprit de corps* was of the highest, when it should learn that Washington had turned to them for a man to undertake so delicate a mission. In the end Champe's objections vanished. Major Lee had him make notes of all that was expected of him, but in such an innocent guise as not to create suspicion if he were searched and the notes found.

When he was certain that Champe thoroughly comprehended all the details of the scheme he gave him two letters to Washington's secret agents in New York, neither of whom knew of the other's employment, although both had been long in the service. Major Lee once more impressed on Champe that the delivery of Arnold alive was of the highest importance, and that in no circumstances was his life to be taken.

While Major Lee went over the details of Champe's simulated desertion it was well understood that no one was to be taken into his confidence in respect to the matter, and that, once Champe was out of camp, Major Lee could render him no assistance without endangering the success of the enterprise. Both knew that every effort was made to cover the front of the army with outposts and patrols, and that swarms of irregulars ventured close to the British continually. Champe was left to his own resources with the understanding that, should his departure be discovered before morning, Major Lee would delay pursuit in every way possible without exposing the scheme.

Comparing watches and estimating the time that would be lost by the necessity of Champe's going round the patrols and outposts, the two agreed that pursuit must be delayed until he could get a fair start. Champe left Major Lee at eleven o'clock at night, returned to his tent and, taking his cloak, saddle valise and orderly book, withdrew his horse from the picket line and started upon his perilous journey. Major Lee, much pleased with the expeditious manner in which the scheme had been carried out, retired to his field cot to rest, but not to sleep.

Within half an hour the officer of the day, Captain Carnes, appeared at Major Lee's tent and with considerable emotion informed him that a member of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, upon being challenged, had put spurs to his horse and escaped, though pursued. Lee pretended to be much fatigued from his ride to General Washington's headquarters and asked the captain to repeat his story. Lee then suggested that the fellow was a countryman, but the captain insisted that the patrol was



of lesser position. In accordance with custom Captain Carnes had directed the squadron to be formed, and he now withdrew to inspect for absentees. He soon returned to Major Lee with the astounding information that the highly respected sergeant major was absent and had taken with him his horse, arms and orderly book, and that a party had been ordered to prepare for pursuit as soon as Major Lee should give the order. Lee suggested that the sergeant had left camp on some pleasure excursion, and that his excellent character forbade the presumption that he had deserted. Lee exhibited much feeling and reluctance to start the hounds of war in chase after a man merely indulging himself in a frolic. The major had gained as much time as seemed practicable, but when the party appeared for orders he directed that Cornet Middleton be sent for to command the pursuing detachment, as he had other employment the following morning for the officer who had appeared with the party.

Within ten minutes young Middleton arrived, and Major Lee gave him this written order: "Pursue so far as you can with safety Sergeant Champe, who is suspected of deserting to the enemy and has taken the road leading to Paulus Hook. Bring him alive that he may suffer in the presence of the army."

Major Lee detained young Middleton further to advise him to be on his guard lest through overzealousness he should fall into the hands of the enemy and to be sure to recover the valuable horse and accoutrements. And then when Major Lee could no longer interpose delay without exciting comment he wished the cornet success and started him on his journey.

A shower of rain had fallen soon after Champe started on his night ride, and on close examination the clear impression of the tracks of his horse were readily identified, because the Legion farriers were accustomed to mark all shoes to facilitate trailing their own parties.

When Cornet Middleton commanded his party to march it was a few minutes past midnight, so that Champe had a start of little more than an hour, a slight advantage



DRAWING BY HAROLD SCHULZ

should desert to the British army, he hesitated to propose it to any of his commissioned officers. The next in rank was the sergeant major, an office then held by John Champe, a tall, dark-visaged young Virginian of Loudoun County, whose splendid qualities in the ranks had caused his advancement to the highest non-commissioned rank in the Legion; and it had already been determined to promote him to the first vacancy among the officers. Young Champe had enlisted in 1776 and was about twenty-four years of age; he was tall and of athletic build. Inclined to be taciturn and thoughtful, of approved courage, inflexible perseverance and high purpose, altogether

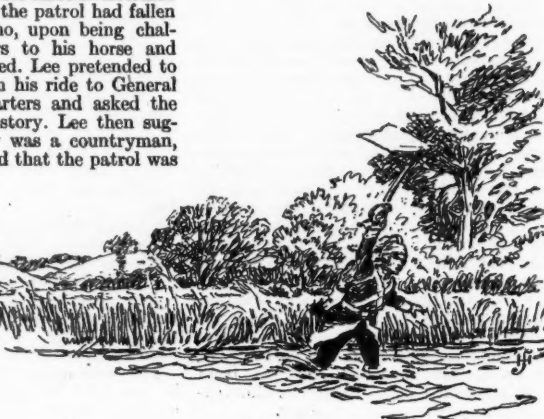
rather than suffer that humiliation he must decline.

Major Lee had expected the objection and promptly declared that the crime of desertion would not be incurred where a soldier quitted his post and joined the enemy at the request of the commander in chief, and that later when all the circumstances might be properly made public the whole army would commend him for his courageous and praiseworthy act. Major Lee impressed upon

close enough to recognize him as a dragoon, if not one of the Legion then one from some other American unit. As only one of the Legion had deserted during the entire war, Major Lee ridiculed the idea as wholly improbable. Captain Carnes then mentioned the desertion of Arnold and the possible effect it might have had on the minds of men

when we remember that he had to avoid many patrols. The pursuers too had their troubles, for they were compelled to dismount and examine the trail during the hours of darkness. As daylight approached the pursuers moved rapidly and on ascending an eminence some miles north of the village of Bergen discovered Sergeant

He abandoned his horse and . . . plunged into the river



Champe not more than half a mile ahead. The sergeant spied his pursuers at the same moment and put spurs to his horse, followed by Middleton at full speed.

Champe had intended going to Paulus Hook; there was a short cut through the woods, but he feared to take it, for he might meet one of the parties that usually returned that way. Middleton halted at the forks, divided his party and, now assured of success, quickly resumed the pursuit. Champe knew that two British galleys were stationed to the left of Bergen, and after entering the village he turned off, relinquishing his intention of going to Paulus Hook, and headed for the shore near which the boats were to be seen.

Middleton's sergeant, who took the short cut, reached the bridge and secreted his party. When Middleton galloped up they discovered that Sergeant Champe had eluded them, but not for long, for they soon found the trail of his horse and were once more in full pursuit. The pursuers soon came in sight of Champe, and he prepared himself for escape by lashing on his shoulders his saddle valise containing clothing and the orderly book; then, drawing his sword, he threw away the scabbard.

When Champe arrived abreast of the British galleys, he abandoned his horse and, running through the marsh, plunged into the river, calling upon the galleys for help. His pursuers were within two or three hundred yards of him, but the men in the galleys opened fire on them and sent a boat to pick up Champe, who was taken on board and was later transferred to New York with a note setting forth the manner of his escape.

Upon Middleton's return to camp Major Lee observed one of the dragoons leading Champe's horse and, stifling his fears for Champe's safety, advanced to meet the party. When he learned of the sergeant's escape he was as much elated as he had been previously downcast and hastened to inform Washington of the progress of his scheme.

After arriving in New York and being interrogated by the adjutant general Sergeant Champe was ushered into the presence of Sir Henry Clinton, the commander of the British forces in America; and after long questioning he was sent to see Benedict Arnold, who was engaged in raising an American legion for the British service. Arnold was much pleased on hearing the manner of Champe's escape and of the influence that his own desertion was having in the American forces. Arnold desired Champe to enter his legion with the same rank that he had held under Major Lee, but Champe declined for the time being.

Champe lost no time in communicating with Washington's agents and sent to Major Lee a report of his reception and of every thing that he had learned. Correspondence was carried on without interruption while the sergeant major laid his further plans. He found that to obtain unquestioned access to Arnold's house he must enter the service; so he enlisted and was appointed a recruiting officer for the American Legion of the British Army. Sergeant Champe now formed his plan for seizing Arnold in his garden at night and carrying him tied and gagged through unfrequented alleys and streets to the river where a boat was to lie near shore in waiting. Champe had obtained the promised assistance through Washington's agents, and when Washington was notified that all was ready he wrote to Major Lee:

"The plan for taking A—d has every mark of a good one. I therefore agree to the promised rewards and have such entire confidence in your management of the business as to give it my fullest approbation and leave the whole to the guidance of your judgment, with this express stipulation and pointed injunction, that he, A—d, is brought to me alive. No circumstance whatever shall obtain my consent to his being put to death. The idea which would accompany such an event would be that ruffians had been hired to assassinate him. My aim is to make a public example of him; and this should be strongly impressed upon those who are employed to bring him off. The sergeant must be very circumspect; too much zeal may create suspicion, and too much precipitancy may defeat the project."

Sergeant Champe completed his preparations and asked that a party of dragoons be sent to meet him at Hoboken on a particular night when he hoped to deliver Arnold. The detachment waited as requested, but when daylight came and they saw no boat they realized that some unforeseen incident had interfered with the success of the plot. In due course they learned from Washington's agents that on the day preceding the

night when Arnold was to be seized he moved his quarters to superintend the embarkation of troops, and that his American legion, including Sergeant Champe, had been sent aboard a transport. Thus it came about that Champe accompanied the British expedition to Virginia, commanded by General Phillips with Benedict Arnold as second in command.

The unsatisfactory conduct of affairs in the Carolinas, known as the Southern Department, induced General Washington to assign General Greene to command there, and Major Lee was promoted to the grade of lieutenant colonel and sent with his Legion to be a part of the forces under

Greene. It thus happened that in the operation of laying waste lower Virginia, General Phillips and Arnold arrived at Petersburg. There Champe had his first opportunity to escape from his unhappy situation, and he promptly availed himself of it and made his way south on the trail of Lee's Legion, which he eventually rejoined. His cordial reception at the hands of his old commander caused much surprise until the true story of his simulated desertion was made known when he not only resumed the place he had previously held in the esteem of officers and men but became the object of the highest admiration for his daring attempt to carry out the wishes of General Washington.

In after years when the nation reluctantly began to raise an army for the war with France, which seemed inevitable in 1798, Washington, Hamilton and Pinckney assembled as a board to select from veterans of the Revolution officers for the new regiments. Washington had not forgotten the young sergeant major who had risked so much in his service in the previous war and sent to inquire whether Champe was still living in Loudoun County, Virginia, only to learn that he had removed some years before to Kentucky and had died there. It is incidents on service such as Champe's attempt that weld together the souls of men who have drunk from the same canteen.

AT THE CORE • • • By Margaret Johnson



JUST a pleasant, quiet evening party with some good music and a simple supper afterward," said Eleanor. "The kind of thing that the Larchfield people will enjoy, and that will be entirely suitable for us to give. Not pretentious, but nice!"

Bert giggled delightedly over his plate. "None of your fool parties this time, Jim!" he said with a chuckle.

"Bert!" said Mrs. Jim reprovingly. For a little blue-eyed bit of a woman she had to look reprovingly at someone rather often. The management of a family that included a husband prone to tease, an irrepressible small brother of his and a spirited young sister of her own might present difficulties even to the most tactful and peace-loving of mistresses.

Nevertheless, "fool parties" was the name

husband. It was the man she knew behind the nonsense that found and held the hearts of those who knew him.

But Eleanor protested. "Those things were well enough in Enderton," she declared with some severity, "but in a new place it's a different matter. Larchfield, Mrs. Brooks, for instance, isn't to be won over in any such absurd way."

"The worse for Larchfield and Mrs. Brooks," said Jim, placidly finishing his cakes. "However, Eleanor, have it your own way. I'll put on my swallow tail and all the company manners I possess, and it won't be your fault if we don't march best foot foremost straight into the front ranks of Larchfield society."

He was very good-natured, and Eleanor was very smiling; but Mrs. Jim still was apprehensive. Her family were more than fond of one another; yet their tastes were strongly individual, and sometimes she was afraid lest a core of real bitterness might lie

waiting promptly provided a substitute, and the new girl entered triumphantly at the back door just as the distracted Bridget got herself out at the side door.

Darkness had fallen, and the house was lighted. The rooms bloomed with flowers and breathed a subtle atmosphere of æsthetic dignity and charm. Jim, handsome than ever in evening dress, but with gloom written on his brow, wandered round with the air of a man who is trying to be cheerful in the face of the worst. He had held himself strictly though amiably aloof from all preparations, declaring that he knew when his original ideas were unwelcome and when he himself was reduced to the position of a guest in his own house!

"Don't be absurd, Jim!" Eleanor laughed impatiently. "As if it weren't your party as much as it is ours! Only you won't take any interest just because you didn't plan it yourself. What are you doing to that door?" She had come downstairs, a vision of slender fairness in pale blue and rose, to find her brother-in-law busy with something about the front door.

"It's stuck," he said, fumbling at the lock. "There was an agent here just now, wanted to sell me soft soap or something, and he slammed the door after him pretty hard when he went out. I may have been a little warm in my language—"

"Can't you open it?" interrupted Eleanor; a faint chill of apprehension was creeping over her.

Jim shook the door dubiously. "I'm afraid not," he said. "Something's caught in the lock. It happened that way once in the old house, I remember, and we had to get a smith. Who's that?"

"Baxter by your leave," answered a voice without. "Don't you let special guests in early, if they're good?"



A faint chill of apprehension was creeping over her

Jim himself had given to those unconventional festivities which his ingenuity had been wont to contrive for entertaining his friends in Enderton. Mrs. Jim laughed now unexpectedly, remembering some of those occasions—the camp-fire party in the grove behind the house where they had been all but eaten alive by mosquitoes and the birthday banquet for Jim, who had secretly prepared presents for himself and at the proper moment had produced them with grave surprise as coming from his astonished guests.

"Will you ever forget the expression on Mrs. Evans's face," cried Mrs. Jim, laughing, "when she saw that preposterous diamond stud that she was supposed to present to 'Dear James' with the affectionate regards of his old friend Maria!"

"Well, you know yourself," observed Jim, helping himself to pancakes, "that nothing else would ever have pierced the icy armor of Mrs. Evans's dignity. We've all been jolly good friends ever since. In fact Evans told me the other day that he considered that stud he didn't buy one of the best investments he ever made."

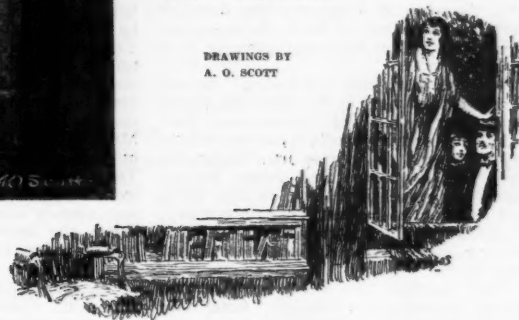
Mrs. Jim smiled proudly at her handsome

hidden in the apple of their discord.

The Chester household followed Eleanor's advice, and preparations for their first social function went on gaily enough, though with some anxiety on Eleanor's part. Pleasing Mrs. Brooks was the end to which she secretly aspired. If the taste of that leader of suburban society could but be satisfied, the position of the Chesters would be assured, and all their pains would be justified.

The fates seemed to be with Eleanor from the first. She obtained the promise of delightful music from some friends in the city. Mrs. Chester directed the preparation of a delicious supper; she called in two maids to assist Bridget in serving the company. All should be very simple but very nice, Eleanor declared with renewed and hopeful emphasis.

It was not until the last moment that the fickle sisters, apparently weary of their smiles, turned their backs upon the enterprise. It was trying that Bridget should be sent for just at that juncture to soothe a hysterical sister whose baby had swallowed a shoe button. But one of the other maids-in-



DRAWINGS BY A. O. SCOTT

"Not by this door," said Jim dryly. "Go round to the side, will you, Baxter? We're in a little trouble here."

He went on working at the lock until Baxter's cheerful voice accosted him again from without. "Nothing doing, old man. Your wife's round at the side door, and she says it's locked, and she can't find the key."

Eleanor stood suddenly rigid. "Bridget has taken the key!" she said wildly. "She always takes it on her night out, and she probably forgot. Jim, you must get that door open! Why don't you pick the lock?"

"Can't pick a lock like that," replied Jim calmly. "Climb in the window, will you, Baxter, and lend a hand. Take the door off the hinges? Good suggestion, old man, but it can't be done—wrong kind of hinges. We might smash it in, but the landlord wouldn't like it, and neither would Mrs. Brooks, come to think of it. Shabby trick for a door to—"

"James Chester!" cried Mrs. Jim, hurrying into the parlor with Bert, all curiosity

and Sunday clothes, at her heels. "Do you mean to say—"

"Now, Mollie, my dear, don't get nervous!" replied her husband, straightening up and dusting his hands with his handkerchief. "There's nothing in the world to worry about. If the party can't get in one way, they can another. And we haven't exhausted our ammunition yet. Baxter, you go and telephone to the locksmith—Dawson's the name—while I try a fall with the side door. Nellie, sit down and keep cool, or you'll tire yourself out. 'Tisn't eight o'clock yet; we've got time to burn."

In two minutes Baxter was back. "Dawson's gone home—lives far out and can't be got at for an hour or so anyhow."

"And the side door's fast as fate," said Jim, mopping his brow. "Of all crazy things, to let a girl carry off a key night after night—"

"But what shall we do?" cried Eleanor breathlessly. "They'll be coming; they've got to get in some way!"

"Don't ask me!" Jim said with a shrug. "It's none of my party. Of course there's the back door, if I were in the way of making suggestions. This affair was to be nothing if not unpretentious, if I remember."

"The back door!" Eleanor repeated in a stricken voice. "It can't be possible! Why, the whole thing would be ruined with such a beginning!"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know," ruminated her brother-in-law, beginning to twinkle with irresistible enjoyment. "There's something rather taking in the idea. They can come right through the kitchen. Gentlemen will please leave their things in the shed, ladies in the—ice box. Grand entrance through the butler's pantry. Look out for the cellar stairs! All *chassé* to the left—"

"Latest thing in evening parties!" broke in Baxter, shaking silently. "Introduced by the James Chesters, late of Enderton—"

"Very simple, but very nice!" exclaimed Jim, and that was the last touch.

Mrs. Jim began to laugh hysterically, and, thus encouraged, Baxter and his host broke out into roars of open mirth while Bert spun in ecstatic circles on the carpet and howled with excitement and delight.

Only Eleanor stood quiet and very white. "You may think it's funny," she said in a strained voice, "but how can we send them all home!"

Jim turned upon her, still shaking. "Well, if that's your idea of unpretentious hospitality—" he began.

Her white face flamed crimson. "You're too bad, Jim!" she said, quivering. "Just because it isn't your party—oh, I give it up! Do what you like! Tell them what you please! I can't—"

Her voice broke, and she went swiftly from the room. Mrs. Jim ran after her, but her husband called her back. He was grave again in an instant and stood frowning, deep in thought.

"Get up, Bert, and quit fooling!" he said sharply. "We've got to do something pretty quick. Get me the little library steps, both pairs, and some big sheets of cardboard from my room and the purple ink. Mollie, we shall want some rugs and things. Baxter, you know something about electric work, and I've got the fixings. What do you say? Could we rig up an extra circuit inside of thirty minutes? Yes? All hands to work then and—hustle!"

They hustled. The thirty minutes had barely passed when Eleanor, flung face downward, blue and rose gown and all, on the couch in her room, heard the sudden clangor of the burglar alarm in the hall and smiled bitterly at the burst of mirth that followed. "If they can amuse themselves with that!" she thought.

A little later the alarm sounded again and then once more. The house began to murmur with voices and laughter. Light steps came up the stairs, and silken skirts trailed through the halls. The party had got in evidently and through the kitchen! Eleanor grovelled among her pillows, abjectly picturing Mrs. Brooks's stately bonnet reposing in the ice box and realizing the downfall of her own ambition.

"Eleanor!" Her sister spoke tenderly but with a little choke of laughter in her hurried voice. "Come down, dear! It's all right; everything is going beautifully, but we need you! I can't wait; do come quick!"

She was gone. Eleanor, wondering and reluctant, rose and, smoothing her hair and her gown, slipped down by the back stairs to the kitchen. On the way she met Bert.

"Say!" cried the boy, beside himself with

joy. "It's dandy, Eleanor! You ought not to miss it! Not that way—go round outside the house. You'll see!"

Round the house in the still night air she went, still wondering. The electric globe hung like a moon in the roof of the porch, and by its light she saw Mr. and Mrs. Reid, of Larchfield Heights, peering with amused and astonished curiosity at a placard posted on the door:

BURGLARY PARTY PLEASE BREAK IN AT BAY WINDOW ON LEFT

"O Eleanor!" cried Mrs. Reid. "How good of you! I had thought of quitting an adventure so fraught with peril, but since I find you here—come and break in with us!"

The library steps, carpeted thick with rugs, were fastened in place at the window, and as Eleanor stepped after her friends through the casement she found another flight leading down into the little alcove on the left of the hall. The room was dim, mysterious and still, save for the echo of laughing voices without.

"Hush!" breathed Mrs. Reid. "Don't make a sound! Ought we not to have a jimmy or a Johnny or something? Oh, look here, will you, Lick?"

Rippling with stifled laughter, she tiptoed round the room, reading the placards hung against the bookcases on either wall:

"The Gentle Art of Burgling, by Lockan Key." "What to Burgle and How to Do It, by Steel." "Easy Lessons for Beginners in Burgling." "Royal Road to—Hark! What's that!"

"Afraid!" cried Eleanor boldly. "Come! I'll lead the way!"

She hurried to the door and was about to open it when her foot touched some object lying in her path, and she stooped to pick it up.

"Cling! Clang!" The startled clamor of the burglar alarm mingled with the merry rush and cry of the people without. The door was flung open into the brightly-lighted hall, and the blinking "burglars" were surrounded by a laughing group headed by the host himself carrying off the nonsense with his own inimitable gravity and charm.

"Caught!" he cried, opening the box against which Eleanor had stumbled and disclosing to her astonished eyes one of the dainty favors that she herself had prepared for every guest. "The booty goes to your accomplice, but you share the penalty!"

"Two hours or longer imprisonment in these charming rooms!" cried a joyous guest. "And a subscription to a copy of First Aid to the Burgled for Mr. Chester's library! Shut the door again quick! I don't think—"

"Cling! Clang!" The last guest had announced his own astonished entrance.

Eleanor moved into the parlor, greeting her friends as she went. Everyone seemed to be in high good humor. The Larchfield ice, if there had been any to break, was effectually broken and had flowed away in a warm stream of mirth and good feeling. The æsthetic dignity and charm of the rooms was pervaded by the genial atmosphere of Mrs. Jim's lovely hospitality and the unaffected enjoyment of her guests.

The music and the supper as they came were delightful adjuncts to an occasion already unmistakably successful. When she heard her imperturbable brother-in-law urbanely explaining to Mrs. Brooks in a corner the nature of electric currents and the latest important discoveries of science in regard to their use while Mrs. Brooks listened with every evidence of appreciation and delight Eleanor felt that the fates had been shrewder and more loyal to her cause than she had supposed.

"We have always understood, you see," Mrs. Brooks, still radiating the most gracious and flattering approval, said to Eleanor herself a little later, "that your brother-in-law was so clever and so amusing. Oh, yes, my dear, his reputation has gone abroad, I assure you! Such talent can't be suppressed. Of course he told us all how it happened, but we should have been so disappointed if there hadn't been something unique! We consider now that we've had our due—and such a good time! Larchfield is more than fortunate to be the gainer by Enderton's loss."

After that, what more was there to be said!

When the last Larchfieldian had been ushered out of the front door, now happily practicable again through

the late but willing offices of Mr. Dawson, Jim came back into the parlor where Eleanor was standing by the mantel, playing absently with the bracelet on her wrist. "It was a fool party this time and no mistake!" he said with a dogged sort of apology in his voice. "Of course nothing but their expecting something of the kind carried it off at all. But the day had to be saved somehow, you know."

THE POUCH ^{By} Hugh F. Grinstead

THE rising sun was just touching the tops of the trees on the ridge behind Dan Thorpe when he turned for a last look toward home before plunging into the thick growth that bordered the trail leading to the river. In all the sixteen years of his life he had never been intrusted with any other mission half so important as the one on which he was just setting out. His elation was, however, counterbalanced by a strong sense of responsibility.

As he stepped resolutely along the path that crossed two miles of bottom land before it reached the river his hand in his trousers' pocket clutched a little buckskin pouch that contained seven small hard objects like smooth pebbles. The largest of them was barely the size of a pea, but they were worth much more than their weight in gold, as much indeed as the little hill farm on which he had grown up and which his father owned.

On this day when it was so important that some one make the eight-mile trip to Grafton to see the traveling buyer of freshwater pearls the elder Thorpe had been too sick to go. He had hesitated to put so much responsibility on his young son, but the traveling buyer would pay more than the local buyers offered, and after all there seemed no good reason why Dan should not be intrusted with two thousand dollars' worth of pearls.

The Thorpes, father and son, were known as the best pearl fishermen on the St. Francis River. When they were not occupied with their hill farm they were out in their boat, dredging for mussels; Dan knew the different varieties by sight and could quickly distinguish between the "banana," the "niggerhead," the "maple leaf," the "monkey face" and other forms. Not every mussel contained a pearl by any means, but most of the shells had some value and could be sold to the button factory.

Dan and his father had been unusually fortunate the past few months, for one of the pearls in the little pouch had a color and a lustre that would give it a place among the best of its kind. Many persons who had seen it considered it as almost equal to one

"You saved it," said Eleanor. "It was pretty good of you, Jim," she added, lifting her eyes suddenly to his. Something in them said more than her words perhaps, for Jim's reply, though somewhat irrelevant, implied an equal concession.

"Never saw you look so much like your sister, Nell," he said.

Mrs. Jim behind the door, pretending to sort silver, heard and rejoiced.

that had been found in White River and that had sold for a thousand dollars. In the isolated community Dan had had little opportunity to go to school, but, if the pearls sold well, he would attend high school in town the following winter.

The path he was following ended at the river; there he would get into his boat, row three miles downstream and across a lake that was half swamp to the road on the other side. A walk of two miles would then take him to Grafton. The route was much shorter than the wagon road, which crossed the river at the bridge farther down; and, since the roads were heavy from recent rains, he could make better time walking and rowing than he could in the old cart or on horseback.

Perhaps halfway between the Thorpe house and the river the path crossed a shallow ravine, and there in the damp sand Dan saw the fresh imprint of heavy boots. He halted and scrutinized the tracks; he thought he recognized them as the prints of Mose Hopper's old run-down boots.

Mose was the last person he cared to meet just then. For a few weeks he had fished for mussels with the Thorpes, but, becoming weary of steady work, had quit. A month afterward Dan and his father had found the big pearl, and Mose had claimed an interest in it, although the brief partnership had terminated when he left them. His reputation for honesty was by no means enviable, and Dan feared the consequences of meeting him.

But the boy saw no further signs of his undesirable acquaintance, and, reaching the river, he unfastened his flat-bottomed boat from the stump where it was moored. As he prepared to step into it he heard a noise behind him and, turning quickly, saw two men emerging from the thick bushes barely a rod from the river bank. At the first glance he recognized the bulky form of Mose Hopper. The other man was smaller than Mose. A red curly beard covered his almost colorless face. He looked as if he had not seen sunlight for several months.

"Just in time, ain't we!" Hopper exclaimed as he came forward. "Reckon you'll be plumb tickled to have comp'ny if you're goin' down to Grafton, like I figger you are. Me an' my pardner here are headed that way, an' we'll just go along."

Dan took the step . . . wavered . . . and then plunged over

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



Without waiting for an invitation he stepped over the side of the boat and took his place in the stern. His companion seated himself in the bow.

Dan knew that the men had not merely "happened along"; they had been ahead of him and had kept hidden until he was ready to shove off. The knowledge disturbed him, and he involuntarily thrust his hand into his trousers' pocket that held the little buckskin pouch with the seven pearls. At that a cunning grin overspread Mose Hopper's face.

Much as Dan desired to be rid of his unwelcome companions, he could think of no excuse for refusing to let them go with him; nor could he without exciting suspicion well turn back and leave them with the boat. Muttering something about being in a hurry, he took his place in the middle and slipped the oars into the locks.

"Oh, we won't hinder you none," Hopper assured him and, picking up the short paddle, began to use it in a way that sent the boat toward the middle of the river. "Wouldn't surprise me if we was to help you out a bit."

There followed half an hour of silence uninterrupted except by an occasional word between Hopper and his friend. Propelled by the steady pull of the oars and the deft push of the paddle at the stern, the boat made rapid progress downstream. Dan was beginning to feel easier, for, although the two men watched his every movement, they seemed to have no intention of robbing him.

It was after they had left the channel of the river and had entered the narrow swampy lake reaching back into the cypress forest that Dan suddenly lost confidence in his companions. He was pulling for the open water near the middle of the shallow lake when he discovered that Hopper was steering the boat sharply to the left.

"I want to go up the long arm of the lake and land where the road comes down to the bayou," said Dan, astonished that Hopper should be so ignorant of the best way to the Grafton road.

"Well, we don't want to go that way," Hopper replied with a scowl. "Suits us better to go through the swamp and land up close to the railroad track; and, bein' passengers, I reckon we have a right to say where we'll get off. Ain't that so, Wilkins?"

His companion in the bow nodded. "Guess it is, and I'm ready to back it up."

"But it's farther," Dan began, "and—"

"Don't let that trouble you none, sonny," Mose Hopper interrupted him. "You been feelin' too uppity about them pearls you an' your dad found, but I reckon you might get some of that feelin' took out'n you. Maybe you won't be in no hurry to get to Grafton anyway, unless I made a bad guess."

Dan knew now why the rascals had not attacked him at the river bank; it was too near home, and there was a chance of their being interrupted. They were taking him to a place where they could safely rob him of the coveted pearls; they would leave him tied up, and no one would find him until they were well out of the country.

Although Dan continued to row, he allowed Hopper to steer the boat in whatever direction he wished; knowing that it would be useless to argue the question, he appeared to acquiesce willingly in the change of route. His chief concern was for the pearls. He didn't think that the rogues would harm him more than was necessary in order to get them and make their escape. If he could only hide them somewhere! He had already noticed that the steady gaze of the man in the bow never left him. There was absolutely no chance to conceal his treasure unless he could manage to get out of sight of both of them.

Hopper steered the boat beneath the overhanging boughs of cypress trees and presently entered an arm of the lake where the water gradually deepened again.

Dan was rowing half-heartedly; his mind was on the seven shining pearls in his pocket. He wished they were somewhere else. Cudgeling his brain for some plan for hiding them, he kept his eyes fixed on the dark waters of the swamp with its little islands of floating moss. Suddenly his heart thumped wildly. He glanced at Hopper; nothing in the man's demeanor indicated that he was suspicious.

After a few more strokes Dan suddenly let go his oars and allowed them to trail in the water while he rapidly rubbed his left hand over the muscles of his right arm. "Ugh, cramped!" he exclaimed, continuing to rub. The boat almost stopped.

Hopper nodded to the man in the bow. "Better take the kid's place, Wilkins, an' let him rest up a bit. We've got to be gettin' on."

The boat was scarcely moving when Dan stood up and took an unsteady step toward the bow, from which the man named Wilkins had already risen. A step more and they would meet and pass—a feat not at all difficult in a flat-bottomed boat. Dan took the step, appeared to catch his toe in the planking of the bottom, wavered for a moment and then plunged over the side headlong!

He was barely under water before he reached into his pocket and took out the little pouch that contained the pearls. He took two or three strokes, and presently his head bumped against the bottom of the boat. He had often held his breath for almost a

minute while under water; he hoped to do what he had to do in less time than that.

Dan knew every foot of the little boat inside and out. Just the week before, he had nailed a new keel-piece on the bottom for a part of the way. Near the stern, where the new piece overlapped the old, there was a split end that could do no harm except to catch a little moss when some one was rowing backward.

Holding the pouch tight between his teeth, he felt along the bottom of the boat, pulling himself toward the stern. In a moment his hands touched the place where the new piece of lumber ended. Quickly taking the pouch in his hand, he pushed a thin fold of it under the end of the splintered board. He tested it and found that it held. Then, kicking out vigorously, he cleared the boat and popped to the surface. He had been under water less than thirty seconds, but he had worked hard, and he gasped eagerly for breath as he came to the surface.

Hopper caught him and pulled him into the boat. "Tryin' to drown yerself?" the man asked sourly. "Thought you was drowned, you stayed under so long. I'd sure hate for you to drown just yet."

"I—I came up under the boat," Dan stammered in explanation.

The men made a coarse jest at the plight of the boy who lay dripping wet in the bottom of the boat. Dan was elated; obviously they regarded his plunge overboard as an accident.

Ten minutes later Hopper drove the bow of the boat against the muddy shore. "Now, kid, we want to look at them pearls," he said when the three were on dry land.

"But I haven't any pearls!" Dan declared. "Oh, come across!" Hopper cried impatiently. "We ain't a-goin' to hurt you if you give 'em up."

Dan held up his arms and invited them to search him, knowing that they would do it sooner or later. They went over every inch of his coat, his shirt and his trousers; they even turned his pockets inside out and ripped open some of the seams. That done, they made him pull off his shoes. Even then they hesitated and looked all round the boat.

"This is one time I missed my guess, I reckon," Mose Hopper finally admitted. "But I thought sure I saw your old man hand you them pearls this mornin' whilst I was a-lookin' through the window. What you goin' to town for anyway, if you didn't take the pearls?" he suddenly asked.

"To get some medicine for my father," Dan replied truthfully, for his father had told him to buy a box of quinine tablets after he had sold the pearls.

"Well, get along then; I ain't hinderin' you!" Hopper exclaimed surlily. "I was leavin' the country anyway an' thought I'd like to take a look at them pearls before I went, but bein' as you ain't got 'em—" He broke off in the midst of his lame explanation and, nodding to his companion to follow him, set off through the woods toward the railway.

Fearing trickery, Dan followed the two, keeping them in sight until they had climbed upon the railway grade and started off in a direction that led away from Grafton. Then he hurried back to the boat, recovered the pouch of pearls and rowed back to the main body of the lake and on to the landing by the road.

It was a wet and bedraggled boy that made his way up the street and to the bank where the pearl buyer was to be found. And it was a very proud boy that a few hours later deposited twenty-two hundred dollars in the bank to the credit of his father.



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If everyone knew how quickly a delicious breakfast can be prepared with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, pancakes would soon become the national breakfast.

First put on your pan or griddle. While it heats, add water or milk to Pillsbury's, and you have a rich, smooth, creamy batter. Grease your hot pan a bit and pour it in. Let the heat brown the batter into fluffy cakes and, six minutes in all, they're ready to serve.

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One of the family



J. Ramsay MacDonald

FACT AND COMMENT

TO LOSE A FRIEND is to grow old a little.

Nor lone nor sad is he that walks all Day
With pleasant Thoughts as Comrades on
the Way.

THE VOICE OF INSPIRATION is hard
to hear from the depths of an easy chair.

A CANAL IN ENGLAND is now equipped
with an overhead electric trolley that fur-
nishes power for a motor-driven propeller
in the stern of each barge. The result is said
to be highly satisfactory. The barges attain a
speed of four miles an hour, and, since only
one man is needed on each boat, the operat-
ing costs are greatly reduced.

A RETURNED TRAVELER from Ger-
many, speaking of the pinched circum-
stances of university professors in Berlin,
pointed his story by quoting a discussion
that he overheard. The question was
whether it is cheaper to use old envelopes and
paste gummed paper over the former ad-
dresses or to buy new envelopes of the
poorest quality.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE WEATHER is
one of the oldest of pastimes. In the United
States the storms that originate in the south-
west and sweep northeast toward the Great
Lakes bring warmer weather than those that
originate in the northwest and sweep south-
east. There is some evidence that more
storms are coming from the southwest than
was formerly the case, though it would take
a bold man to say why.

A VERMONT MAN has the unusual hobby
of photographing snowflakes. In forty years
he has not found any two that were exactly
alike. Many of the forms are exceedingly
beautiful. Lace makers, jewelers, designers
of wall paper, metal workers, wood carvers
and others have purchased the photographs
for use in making designs. The photographer
catches the snowflakes on a blackboard and
photographs them with a camera that
greatly magnifies them.

THE HARMON FOUNDATION in New
York City is making the experiment of loan-
ing money to college students who can offer
no other security than character. For the
time being individual loans are limited to
not more than \$250 a year. They are given
only to students of the junior or senior year
in colleges in which a group of at least five
students wish to apply. Applications are not
received direct from students, but through a
faculty committee that is willing to coöper-
ate with the foundation in passing on the
applicants. Borrowers are under obligation
to repay their loans in installments of \$10 a
month, beginning one year after they are
graduated.

THE IMMIGRATION BILL reported by
the Committee on Immigration and Natu-
ralization of the House of Representatives
recognizes three classes of immigrants, "non
quota," "quota" and "quota relatives."
"Non quota" includes husbands, wives,
fathers, mothers or unmarried minor chil-
dren of American citizens and students,
clergymen and some others. They are not
reckoned in the quotas. "Quota relatives"
are husbands, wives or unmarried minor
children of aliens who have been legally
admitted to the United States, have lived
here two years and have taken out first

papers. They have a preferred standing.
"Quota" includes all others and in reference
to any particular nationality means two
hundred plus two per cent of the number of
persons of that nationality that the census
of 1890 shows to have then been in the
United States.

ARE TAX-EXEMPT BONDS
GOOD OR BAD?

THE question of tax-exempt bonds has
become of interest only since the nation
began to impose an income tax and has
become pressing only since the tremendous
expenses of the war led the government to
resort to higher and higher surtaxes on large
incomes. During the last century it made
no particular difference to anyone whether
government bonds, national, state or munic-
ipal, were nontaxable or not. The govern-
ment of course relinquished any possible tax
revenue from that kind of property, but on
the other hand it was able to borrow money
at a very low rate of interest. If it had
made its bonds taxable, it would have had to
pay a higher rate of interest on them in order
to sell them, and what it would have made
in one way it would have lost in another.

Since the income tax was levied people
have had to pay taxes on personal property
in the shape of securities much more generally
than they used to pay them, and those who
have industrial or public-service bonds to sell
are irritated at seeing a continually-increas-
ing amount of capital going into government
bonds simply because they are free of taxa-
tion. Men of large incomes are more and
more putting their money into such securi-
ties, for it obviously pays them better to
buy a four-per-cent bond that is not tax-
able than a five- or six-per-cent bond half
the yield of which must be paid out in sur-
taxes.

Moreover, the great amount of money
that is seeking a chance to invest in tax-
exempt bonds has encouraged states and
municipalities to borrow and to spend
lavishly. There is scarcely a city that has
not an inconveniently large funded debt, and
the situation grows worse rather than better.
It follows that there is not only less capital
that the tax gatherer can reach but also less
for enlarging productive enterprise.

On the other hand, if tax-exempt bonds
were forbidden, municipal financing would
be more difficult and expensive, and it is at
least a question whether the farmer, who
would have to pay more on his loans from
a Federal land bank, would get enough relief
in other ways to make up the difference.

There is a strong movement for prohib-
iting tax-exempt bonds, perhaps by a con-
stitutional amendment. Behind it are the
small taxpayers, the men who are interested
in trade or productive business and many
of the farmers. There is an argument on both
sides of the question, but the undeniable
fact that tax-exempt bonds can be used and
are used to "get around" the provisions of
the income-tax law seems to us to be leading
the majority of our citizens to favor doing
away with them.

PRINCES AND PRINCESSES
MARRYING FOR LOVE

WE do not hear so often as we used to
hear of a royal marriage of the old sort;
a marriage, that is, in which the prince
of a reigning house marries a royal princess
from another country. People used to think
that that was the only kind of marriage
which the son or the daughter of a king could
properly make, and there was a great to-do
when Queen Victoria's daughter, the Prin-
cess Louise, married the man who was later
to become the Duke of Argyll; and even then
the bridegroom came of so old and famous a
family that in his own Scottish Highlands
the people thought that the Queen's daugh-
ter was marrying a little above her.

But the war has changed the prospects of
the royal youngsters who are growing up
and thinking about getting married. Three
imperial houses and numerous royal and
grand-ducal families have lost their thrones
and titles, and that fact, as well as the revival
of national animosities all over Europe, has
much restricted the field of princely choice.

But princes and princesses still want to
marry—except perhaps the heir apparent to
the British throne, who has so far gracefully
avoided matrimony. And, since eligible
royalties are hard to find, they are marrying
"subjects," subjects of elevated rank to be
sure, but subjects nevertheless.

Princess Mary of England began it when
she married the heir to the Earldom of Hare-
wood; her brother the Duke of York has
lately married the daughter of the Earl of
Strathmore; a young princess of Italy has
become the wife of Count Calvi di Bergolo
—all within the past two years.

Such marriages are unmistakably popular
with the public. They are love marriages
rather than marriages of state, and that is
enough agreeably to touch the heart of al-
most everyone. London has rarely seen its
millions so genuinely interested in the affairs
of the royal family and so frank in their
approbation as when Princess Mary became
Viscountess Lascelles and Lady Elizabeth
Bowes-Lyon became the Duchess of York.
The wedding of the Princess Yolanda caused
general rejoicing in Rome. Aroused national
spirit is pleased with the idea that the royal
house is becoming more and more of the real
blood of the nation. The tie between mon-
arch and people grows stronger. It is not
unlikely that the Kings of England and Italy
are not less pleased than their people, and
that they foresaw that such marriages would
on the whole strengthen their position in the
state. While things go on as they have gone
of late no king can safely neglect doing what
he can to keep or to increase the good will
of his people. Moreover, the vitality and
health of royal families is pretty sure to gain
by occasional—or even frequent—union
with less distinguished families. Inbreeding is
risky business, and there has been a lot of
it among the crowned heads of Europe.
Henceforth, we may be sure, there will be
less.

WISEACRES AND PESSIMISTS

THERE is really no difference between
wiseacres and pessimists; certainly no
one ever encountered a wiseacre who
was an optimist; no one ever heard a wise-
acre say in hearty satisfaction, "I told you
so!" after things had turned out well when
there had been perhaps an equal chance of
their turning out badly. It seems neverthe-
less somewhat curious that persons who
wish to appear wise should always take a
discouraging rather than an encouraging
attitude towards life, should be negative
rather than positive in their advice, should
be given to warning and foreboding rather
than to stimulating and strengthening coun-
sel, should usually belittle men's powers in-
stead of expecting them to show themselves
equal to emergencies.

The really wise persons are not the wise-
acres; they are not pessimists. Wisdom is
much more often a guiding and directing
force than an obstructive one; it does not
manifest itself principally in finding the
flaws in other persons' plans and purposes
and predicting the failures that do indeed
frequently come to pass; it proves itself by
the way it shapes the person's own life and
controls his aims and efforts. Pessimism is
never a part of it, for what wisdom does for
those who possess it is to direct them to what
is really good in life and to the measures by
which they may attain it. Wisdom always
encourages the hope of attainment; the
utterances of the wiseacres are a paralyzing
influence.

The man who is timorous, faint-hearted,
doubting, disbelieving, may win a reputation
for prudence, caution, conservatism, but he
never attains wisdom.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE HOME

AMONG the epigrammatic utterances so
characteristic of President Coolidge is
this: "Look well to the hearthstone:
therein all hope for America lies." True,
is it not? Would anyone of our readers deny
it?

But do we all act upon this truth? Do we
all "look well to the hearthstone"? We be-
lieve that a larger proportion of The Com-
panion's readers act on it than would be
found acting on it in any other group of
Americans, however selected. But none of us
can continue to act on it except by an in-
creasing exercise of our will power; for in
general the American household is daily be-
coming more and more neglectful of its
duties and opportunities; and bad example,
especially when it abounds on every hand is
contagious.

In former times every child received much
the larger part of his education in the home.
There he got his moral and religious instruc-
tion, his views of life and standards of con-
duct, his habits of work and often much of

his actual preparation for earning a liveli-
hood. The modern parent is too ready to
shift to other shoulders all the responsibility
of bringing his child up properly. He de-
pends on the Sunday-school teacher to give
the child his religion; on the Scout master
to give him proper moral standards; on the
teachers of the public school to teach him
not only the three R's but how to work, how
to play, how to use his hand and eye and
brain; on the school nurse or the members of
the public-health department to teach him
how to look out for his health.

The excuse is that those persons are all
experts, better fitted than the parent to give
the child what he needs. But they are all
likely to give it in an impersonal and me-
chanical way. None of them will give a boy
or a girl the same amount of affectionate per-
sonal attention that the right sort of father
or mother will give him; none of them has
the necessary time or patience to give him
the needed attention or is bound to him by
the close and intimate ties of parental love.

Children are notoriously more and more
drifting away from the hearthstone for their
good times as well as for their serious educa-
tion. Parents look on helplessly and too often
resignedly. Perhaps they are indolent and do
not want to take the trouble with their chil-
dren that their own parents took with them;
perhaps they are timid and do not know how
to oppose the prevailing fashion among their
acquaintance; perhaps they are bitten with
the modern socialist idea that persons who
are paid by the state are necessarily the only
persons competent to train or to educate a
child.

Whatever the causes are, the home seems
to us to take a smaller and smaller share in
the bringing up of each succeeding genera-
tion. Parents are so much occupied in
"developing their own individuality," or
seeking their own entertainment or culture,
that they neglect the most serious and God-
given of their responsibilities. By loading
those responsibilities on every other agency
they can find they little by little lose the
respect and affection of their own children;
and they weigh down the school system with
duties that it cannot properly perform, and
that interfere with the work it can and
should do.

"Look well to the hearthstone: therein all
hope for America lies."

LABOR RULES IN GREAT BRITAIN

SOMETHING like a revolution has hap-
pened in Great Britain, although in
characteristic British fashion it has
taken place in a perfectly legal and constitu-
tional way. The historic parties that have
governed the kingdom and the empire for
more than two hundred years are out of
office; Labor rules at Westminster. A party
that is pledged to destroy, or at least to re-
construct from the bottom, the immemorial
social system of England and Scotland is for
the moment in power. Whether it can retain
its power will depend on the uses it makes of
it and the reaction of the people of Great
Britain to its policies.

Labor is not today in a majority in Parlia-
ment. It comprises a little less than one-
third of the membership of the House of
Commons. It is in power because with the
help of the Liberals it was able to vote a
want of confidence in Premier Baldwin's
ministry. It can stay in power only so long
as the Liberals continue to vote with it. When
its leaders try to pass bills that embody
their own views on the taxation of property
the Liberals, or most of them, will fall away.
It is unlikely that the new ministry can com-
mand a majority for more than a few months.
Then there will have to be another general
election—unless indeed the Liberals and the
Conservatives can patch up a coalition that
will hold together. For the present such a
coalition seems unlikely, but it is hard to
see how the three-party system can endure
for long. The Labor party means to squeeze
the Liberals out of existence, to absorb
most of them into its own ranks and to
drive the others into the Conservative camp.
That will be the natural effect that a Labor
party growing continually in strength and in
radicalism would have, for the issue between
radicals and conservatives would become
too definite for half-way parties to exist.
Great Britain must soon choose between its
traditional conservatism in politics and in
social organization and the undisguised
socialism toward which the Labor party is
moving.

Unlike the Russian Bolshevik party, the

British Labor party is not an out-and-out proletarian organization. It includes a large number of "intellectuals" in its ranks, and so far those intellectuals have had a stronger influence on its policy than their numbers alone would warrant. The new premier, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, is himself something of an intellectual. Though he was born in poverty and has had to work with his hands in many ways, he is not a member of any of the recognized trades. He has educated himself to be a careful and forcible writer and speaker. He married the daughter of a physician who was of the Royal Society; he has had opportunities to mingle with cultivated people and can hold his own in any company. He is theoretically a socialist and a pacifist. He made himself highly unpopular at the time of the war by his pacifism, and he means to begin his foreign policy by boldly challenging the treatment of Germany by France, which he believes to be militaristic in spirit. At the same time he is not a "wild-eyed radical." Indeed one of the dangers his cabinet must face is a threatened division in the Labor party if he moves too slowly and cautiously to suit the men who wish to emulate the example of the Russians.

The nation will await with some impatience the first budget of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. If, as many people expect, it is a radical budget,—a budget that abolishes the old revenue-raising duties on tea and sugar, and that undertakes to tax wealth and capital to the point of confiscation,—Great Britain will understand the extent of the revolution that is at hand, political passions will be raised to the boiling point, and we shall see the most extraordinary electoral campaign that the United Kingdom has ever known. Perhaps too Mr. MacDonald will have succeeded by then in kindling open hostility between France and Great Britain. That would add more fuel to the fury of the political bonfire. Plainly, Great Britain is in for some lively times; the whole world will be affected, perhaps fundamentally, by the political events of the coming year in England and Scotland.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

The next two months will be notable for the number and variety of the serials and the sets of stories and articles that will begin. Here is the list:

BUFFALO HORN, in ten chapters, by Frank C. Robertson

PEARLS OF QUOGHOGGAR, in four chapters, by C. A. Stephens

GREAT AMERICAN ANIMALS, six articles by W. T. Hornaday

FIGGY DUFF POT, in ten chapters, by Capt. T. G. Roberts

HUNT THE TAILOR and four other stories by Russell Gordon Carter

Thus for many weeks the reader will have something to look forward to, and when it finally comes he will find it fully equal to his expectations.

CURRENT EVENTS

GENERAL DAWES appears to have given the experts of the Paris conference the same kind of stimulating shock that he used to give to Congressmen and other government officials in Washington. But the shock was doubtless greater in degree, for European men of affairs are even less used to the general's style of public speech than his fellow citizens are. The emphasis with which our American representative drove home his conviction that nothing can be done for Europe until Germany is again on a basis of sound currency and a balanced budget, his insistence that this conference shall not adjourn without bringing about that result and his acid references to "nationalistic demagogues" who prolong the sufferings of Europe for their own political advantage were like bracing showers of cold water applied to the shrinking body of the conference. We hope that General Dawes's earnestness and his abhorrence of sham and buncombe will have a stirring effect upon a gathering from which

we have not dared to expect very much; but too probably his opening speech has irritated some of his colleagues, particularly among the French and Belgians, who apparently suspect that his remarks about "nationalistic demagogues" are meant for them.

ITALY and Jugo-Slavia have come to an understanding about Fiume. The free state of Fiume, which was established by an earlier agreement after the collapse of Signor d'Annunzio's adventure, is abolished, and the city of Fiume passes under Italian sovereignty. The port of Baross, which is really only a part of the harbor of Fiume, is allotted to the Jugo-Slavs. The ports are to have a common administration. Apparently the economic necessities of the case have at last become plain both to Italy and to Jugo-Slavia, and the two countries have decided to give up quarreling over the political future of Fiume and to cooperate in making that city what it may easily become, one of the great seaports of southern Europe.

THE dictator of Spain, Gen. Primo Rivera, is going about things in a masterful way. His government has issued a decree dissolving all the provincial legislatures except those in the extreme north among the Pyrenees on the ground that the legislatures are crowded with corrupt and inefficient politicians. The decree orders the provincial governors to appoint new legislatures and to choose the members preferably from the workingmen and the farmers. The new régime thus expresses its conviction that democracy, or such democracy as has thus far prevailed in Spain, has failed. The tendency in Spain as in Italy is toward a government by an autocratic executive, but a government that, unlike such governments in the past, will not defer to the privileged classes.

THE new chief of the Philadelphia department of public safety, Gen. Smedley Butler, has made a sensational beginning in his attempt to "clean up" the city. He has driven out the crooks and the criminals, stiffened the enforcement of the prohibitory law to an extraordinary degree and punished a number of high police officials who were not doing their duty to his satisfaction. For the moment the air is cleared in Philadelphia, but the criminals have moved on to other cities. Unless the chiefs of other police departments make equally determined efforts to keep them on the run, they will merely change the scene of their depredations. And even in Philadelphia the police can hardly be expected to work continually under the high pressure that now impels them. General Butler himself has said that he would not undertake his present job again for a million dollars. He means of course that the strain of keeping so large a force up to the task of suppressing all the various and subtle forms of lawbreaking is more than any man can stand for long. All police forces, even the best of them, tend inevitably to fall into routine, and the effort to keep corruption and indolence at bay has broken the spirit of many an honest commissioner. Like other modes of force, police control can go only to a certain point with the lawless. Policemen are essential, but they do little or nothing to raise the standard of conduct in a community or to reform those who have once turned toward crime. They do much, however, by convincing the lawbreakers that they are honest and fearless in their determination to pursue and to punish crime. So much General Butler has for the time being accomplished in Philadelphia.

THE deadlock over the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce ended, as was forecast, by the "insurgent" Republicans' voting for the Democrat, Senator Smith of South Carolina, and electing him. It is not likely that much legislation will come out of that particular committee room, for it is doubtful whether the chairman can control the committee, or whether in the confused condition of its membership a substantial majority can be found for any measure of importance.

LENINE is dead suddenly from paralysis. L. Trotsky is an invalid and out of favor with his colleagues. The face of affairs in Russia changes. We shall discuss the situation later in the editorial columns.

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DRAWN BY KATHERINE HEALEY

DADDY'S UMBRELLA

By Eleanor Hammond

Daddy's umbrella is black and wide;
There's room for two little girls inside!

Rain may patter and storm winds blow;
They cannot reach us here below.

Little brown brooks in the gutters splash
And on the sidewalks the rain drops splash.

Over our heads the clouds are gray,
And misty winds through the tree tops play.

But what do you care for wind or rain?
Tomorrow the sun may shine again.

And Daddy's umbrella is strong and wide!
There's lots of room for us both inside!

THE GOOD-TO-EAT VALENTINES

By Carrie Belle Boyd

"TOMORROW is St. Valentine's Day,"
announced Martha as she came in from school.

"Why, so it is," said her mother, looking up from her sewing. "I did not realize that it was so near."

"Everyone is talking about making valentines for the valentine box," continued Martha. "Although I don't know the girls very well, I should like to put in some valentines."

Martha and her mother had recently moved to this new place, where Martha had entered school. Because she was rather shy and made friends slowly she had been lonesome since they had come there.

"It is late to begin making valentines now," said her mother, "and we haven't the money to buy many, but perhaps we can think of something that will do."

They talked it all over, and finally Martha skipped away happily to do a little shopping. Her purchases did not look at all like valentines.

That evening Martha and her mother worked busily until after Martha's usual bedtime, but she finally went to sleep with a happy heart.

The next afternoon Martha started to school early, and under her arm she carried a large package. Before the last bell rang a group of girls carrying white envelopes came chattering into the hall. While they were taking off their wraps Dorothy glanced into the schoolroom and saw Martha sitting quietly in her seat.

"O girls," she said, "did any of you bring a valentine for that new girl, Martha Phillips?"

"I never thought of her," answered Marian promptly.

TRUNKS

By Daisy D. Stephenson

I have a trunk to hold my things
When I go traveling;
And trees have trunks for
boughs and leaves
Where birds may nest and
sing.

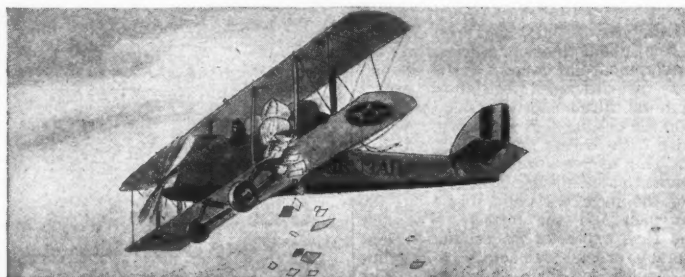
The oddest trunk moves all
around;
It's squirmy for a fact!
And Mr. Circus Elephant
With peanuts has it packed.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Valentine Shower

VERSE AND DRAWING BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

The air mail went sailing aloft and away
To make people happy on Valentine's Day.
The bags were all fastened securely at first,
But when they got over the forest they burst.
The pilot was busy and so did not see
The valentines fall by the hickory tree.
The forest folk could not return those that fell,
For their schools do not teach them to read, write or spell.



"I thought of her," answered Betty slowly, "but I ran out of materials and could not make any more."

"I bought all of my valentines and ran out of money before I reached the end of my list," explained Gladys.

"Well, I thought she wouldn't bring any valentines and so she probably wouldn't expect any," said Janet.

"That does not make a bit of difference," insisted Dorothy. "If I were a new girl in school and no one remembered me, I know that I should feel left out."

"Well, it is too late now," said Lucile.

All the girls except Dorothy filed into the room. She dropped into her seat just as the last gong sounded. When she sat down Lucile leaned across and whispered to Betty, "Some one just told me that Martha came early with a lot of valentines for the box."

"What a shame!" replied Betty. "I am afraid she won't receive a single one."

The afternoon passed slowly, but at last books were put away and the attention of all the children was centred on the valentine box, gay in its crepe-paper dress and

decorated with red hearts and cupids. Miss Brown called the names, and the children walked to the platform for their valentines. The sixth name called was Martha, the seventh was Martha, and the eighth was Martha. As she walked up three times with a pink face Miss Brown suggested that she stay right there, for there seemed to be several more for her all in a bunch.

"You seem to be having a valentine shower," she said with a smile.

Martha's name was read again and again, and Martha's smile became broader and broader until all the children smiled because they were glad. When the little new girl finally went to her seat she carried an armful of white envelopes.

But the real surprise came at the bottom of the box. Miss Brown began to take out white packages pasted together with red hearts. Name after name was called out until each child in the room seemed to have one. When they were opened there were little exclamations of delight, for each package contained a fat cookie heart frosted in white with a border of tiny

SIR COOKY JAR

By Helen Cowles LeCron

Sir Cooky Jar is fat and brown and rather plain and old,
And yet the children all declare he has a heart of gold!
And every evening after school they hurry out to see
Their plump brown friend, whose welcome is as warm as warm can be!

"Just help yourselves," he seems to say.
"Another, Ted? That's right!
There's nothing like a day at school to 'rouse the appetite!
And cookies mend the worries that those tiresome fractions cause;
Yes, children all like cookies. It is one of Nature's laws!"

Sir Cooky Jar is rather old; he's brown and fat and plain,
And yet the child who meets him once is sure to go again
To visit him! And all insist they'd have to travel far
To find another friend as kind as old Sir Cooky Jar!

candies of all colors. In the centre was a red candy heart.

"Who sent them?" everyone asked. The girls looked at Miss Brown, but she shook her head. "No, I have one too," she replied. "The giver of these very sweet valentines must be some one who hasn't one herself."

The children looked all round, and they soon saw that, although Martha's desk was piled high with valentines, she had no cookie heart. The boys clapped for Martha until Miss Brown had to ring the bell for order.

When it was time to go home, Martha, who usually walked alone, was surrounded by a group of chattering girls, each trying to walk beside her and all assuring her that her valentines were the best they had ever eaten.

After they left her at her corner Lucile exclaimed, "Who sent all those valentines to Martha?"

"I did," answered Dorothy, "and you girls all had a share in it."

"How?" they asked all together.

"I erased the names on all the valentines I had ready to send and wrote in Martha's. I was sure you would forgive me if you did not receive any valentines from me this year."

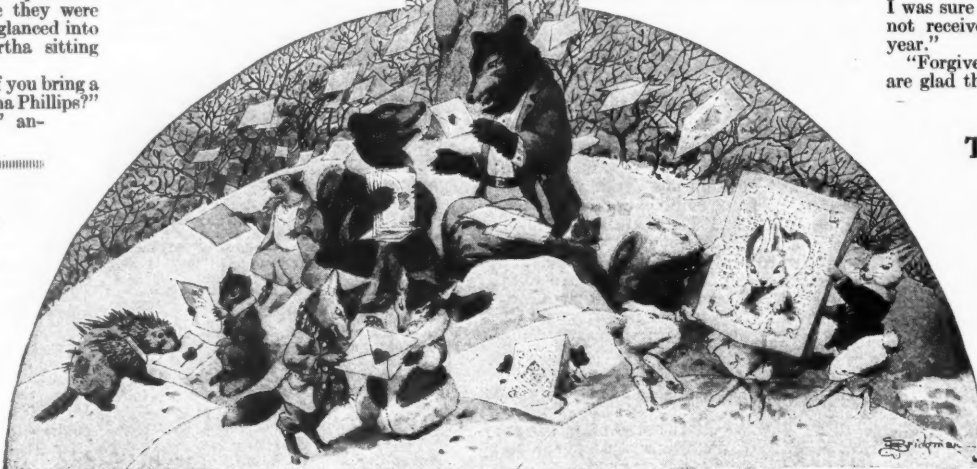
"Forgive you!" exclaimed Betty. "We are glad that you had such a bright idea."

THE EXPLANATION PARTY

By Maud G. Booth

THROUGH the spring and summer Nan had been living at the seashore. At first the family had intended to stay but two weeks, and so Nan had brought only her doll, but father's work had kept them on and on.

It was great fun to run on the beach and dig holes in the sand, but Nan liked even more to stand beside father's easel as he painted his



Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.

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AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 69-Z Lancaster, Pa.

THE ERRAND BOY

By Anne Robinson

He used to sit upon the moss
Half hidden by the wall,
But, oh, today he does not come,
Although I call and call.

He used to laugh and hug his knees,
And tell me fairy news—
How many dresses has the Queen,
How many pairs of shoes;

That silver flowers on the moon
Are fluffy like a feather;
And what a ringing bluebells make
In very windy weather.

He runs on errands for the Queen
Each night till dawn of day—
He must have flown beyond the stars
To be so long away.

But I shall sit upon the moss
And hum a little tune,
For tiny songs, they say, will bring
A fairy very soon.

wonderful picture of the waves dashing against the rocks. As she watched the picture grow it seemed that she could almost hear the wind roaring in from the ocean. But now she could think of no new things to do without her toys. She was even tired of playing with her doll in the "robins' house," as she called the grassy hollow that she had found among the trees behind the cottage. She might have been a little homesick if a delightful thing had not happened.

She received a letter from her favorite uncle, and forty minutes after she had read it she was running along the shore road toward the next cottage. It was such fun to have the postman bring you a letter that was all your own with your name on the envelope, especially when it came from Uncle Dan.

"Ned! Ned!" she called, and as her friend appeared "O Ned!" she cried, "my very best uncle is coming next Saturday, and he says that I may invite five others for a party, and that he will take us all in his automobile to Donkey Dell." Nan took a short breath and rattled on. "You know Donkey Dell is that nice, cool place back in the woods, and I want you to be in the robins' house at two. Now I am going to ask Natalie." And away she ran.

"Wh-heel!" breathed Ned as he watched Nan out of sight. "I don't see how she can talk so fast." But it was going to be a jolly party, and he had understood every word she had said, or at least he thought that he had.

Nan talked with Natalie and then hurried along the wood road and met Marion, whom she invited to the party. Although Nan was a little puzzled when Marion said, "Oh, that's too bad," she did not stop to think much about it, but ran on. There were still Betty and Agard to see.

All the invitations were accepted, and as Uncle Dan was to bring the lunch with him there was nothing left to do but wait.

Saturday came at last, but with it came, instead of the uncle, a telephone message for Nan. Uncle Dan could not possibly get there until Monday. Could she put off her party until then?

It was half past one, and the children were to come at two o'clock. What could Nan do? She couldn't send them home, and she had no new way of entertaining them. Nan looked sadly down the road. Here was Ned now, but what was he tugging along? "Your rocking horse! Why, Ned, how did you happen to bring your rocking horse?" As usual, Nan was talking very fast.

"You asked me to," said the astonished Ned.

"I said I wanted you to be in the robins' house at two," explained Nan. "Perhaps, though, it sounded like 'bring your rocking horse too!'"

"Yes, it did," said Ned crossly. A rocking horse is rather heavy to carry along a sandy beach on a warm day.

"Well anyhow, I'm glad you brought it," said Nan. "It makes one thing for us to play with." Then she told him about the postponed party.

Just then Natalie came through the woods carrying a box, and when Nan explained about the telephone message she said, "Oh,

SNARLS AND TANGLES

By Margaret C. Lysaght

Comb and Brush and Ribbon Bow
Went out to take a walk;
Said Comb to Brush, "It seems to me
We ought to have a talk."

"You know my whole life I have given
To straightening others' tangles,
And yet I meet but snarls and scowls
And cause full many wrangles."

"But, brother," said the bristly Brush,
"You always show your teeth;
I show a back that's always smooth,
But bristle underneath."

"I work and work with steady stroke
To smooth all snarls away;
But you're inclined to pull right through—
A plan that doesn't pay."

"Why can't you too," said Ribbon Bow,
"Enjoy your lot in life?
Now I'm so bright and cheery
I banish tears and strife."

well, I've brought my parlor croquet set as you asked me to."

Ned and Nan laughed; then Nan said quickly, "I'm glad you brought it, but what I said was that we should have to go down 'pretty crooked steps' to get to Donkey Dell"; and they all laughed together.

Marion came. "I'm going to let you wear my necklace, Nan," she announced. "It's too bad that yours is cut in two. How did you do it?"

Nan thought hard for a minute. "Oh, I must have said, 'My nicest cousin's coming too,'" she explained.

By this time Ned was rolling over and over on the sandy beach and laughing as hard as any boy can laugh. All were still laughing when Agard brought his tops and his fish pond, and his sister Betty came with her bean bags.

"I didn't hear you say anything about bean bags," said Betty, "but I thought that, if Agard was to bring his fish pond, perhaps you would like these, too."

Betty and Agard had not known Nancy long, and they did not like to tell her that they had not understood all of the invitation. They could not see why it was as funny as the others seemed to think it was until Nan told them about the mistakes that the others had made.

Nan could not think of anything that she had said to Agard that sounded the least bit like "tops" or "fish pond," but at any rate she had all the toys that she needed for a party.

"Well," cried Ned later as they started for home, "I never laughed so much at a party in all my life."

"I hadn't named it before," said Nan, "but we shall call it the Explanation Party. I seem to have been explaining something ever since it began."

KITCHEN GARDEN

By Miriam Clark Potter

Here's a ruffy lettuce plant.
See, she's like a lady,
Crispy green and dewy fresh,
Parasolled and shady.
"Oh, she wears too many beads!"
Sniffs a green tomato.
"But she's lovely, lovely," sighs
Mr. Brown-Potato.

Poor old Mrs. Cabbage there,
Stout and dull and funny,
Stares wide-eyed and quite afraid
At a nibbling bunny,
Flaps her apron in his face,
Feeling wild and worried;
Then she's off to sleep again,
Hating to be flurried.

Little onions whisper loud,
Pert, with giggly manners;
Carrots nicely answer them,
Waving ribbon banners;
Cried a pea within its pod,
"I'll be smothered maybe!"
While a bouncing beet replies,
"Hush; you're just a baby!"



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The OLD RESIDENT

By Eric Duncan

A dark entangling wood, a shadowed stream,
A tree stupendous dwarfing all around,
Whose head like morning mountain top would gleam
Long ere the slanting sun shafts struck the ground,
Whose fadeless boughs, by autumn never browned,
Sheltered the prowling panther and its young;
And in and out the Indian deftly wound
From camp to camp along the current strong,
Bound for Arcadian meres, where fearless foot did throng.

Crashed on primeval calm the stormy clang
Of hard-swing steel, which down in thunder bore

The giant's comrades all. Anon they sprang
On wings of flame and vanished evermore.
And Nature's face another aspect wore,
And herds and flocks usurped the panther's range;
Homes opulent replaced the camps of yore,
And the dusk rover now finds all things strange—
All strange and new save thee, thou enemy of change!

Green be thy boughs, and sound thy mighty heart,
Steadfast thy roots deep anchored in the clay;
Withered the arm whose sacrilegious part
Would be to hew thy girdle of decay,
O thou to whom man's age is but a day!
Oldest of living things, secure from harm
By transient dwellers here be thou for aye;
Be the sole risks to thy majestic form
The earthquake's dizzying roll, the lightning and the storm.

THE RESCUE OF MOLLIE ELLIS

THE thrilling story that, writes a contributor, recently filled the press how Mrs. H. Starr rescued Miss Mollie Ellis from captivity on the northwest frontier of India has a great moral lesson.

For several years Mrs. Starr and her husband, a physician, had lived lives of devoted service to the tribesmen of the frontier. During that period the atmosphere of the border was one of hatred and fear. One day a native treacherously murdered the doctor. Mrs. Starr's reply was to train herself to continue her husband's work. She went to the tribe from which his murderer came and nursed the very man upon his deathbed, wringing his heart to penitence by her forgiveness.

At a later time when some tribesmen raided a British bungalow, slew Mrs. Ellis and carried off her daughter Mollie the British threatened an attack to rescue the girl. The result would probably have been the girl's death and the beginning of a fresh feud. Mrs. Starr, hearing the news, went fearlessly and unarmed to the tribe, which had not seen an Englishman since 1897, and was able to bring away the captive girl and restore her to her father.

So the love that knows no barriers and no fear once more proved itself not only unconquerable but all conquering.

GERRY, THE CASUAL

AT half past seven o'clock Gerry, with dancing black eyes and dancing silver shoes, dimpled cheeks and silver party frock, started for the Davenport's dinner. At nine o'clock she returned, if possible more "dancy" than when she had started.

"Geraldine Dane! You don't mean that you've made a mistake in the date again!" Cousin Joan cried.

Gerry tossed aside her party cape and tucked her small and dazling self into a big chair. "Did you ever see anyone like me?" she asked gayly. "Aren't you ever going to learn to be accurate?" Cousin Joan inquired.

"I doubt it," Gerry replied happily. "Life is so much more interesting when it just happens. Tonight, for instance, when I found I'd made a mistake—the Davenports were dining out—I suddenly thought of old Mrs. Trotter. So I got some ice cream and cake and went round and gave her a surprise party. I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dinners! And I'd never have thought of such a thing if I'd stopped to look at the date."

"Oh, there's no doubt that you always land on your feet," Cousin Joan acknowledged. "It's the other people I'm thinking of. Suppose, for instance, that people got ready for you, and then you didn't come. There are such things as engagement calendars, Gerry!"

"What a calamity!" Gerry said lightly. "I mean if I shouldn't arrive! Besides, I always do arrive somehow or other; maybe I arrive twice over, but I get there."

Cousin Joan shook her head; to try to teach Gerry was as hopeless as trying to train a butterfly. But when relatives fall life sometimes takes a hand; and that is what happened to Gerry.

She was going to spend the night with Kath-

arine Marvin. Katharine had been one of the poorest girls in the school but also one of the dearest. Gerry arrived at half past five. It seemed strange that there was no one to meet her, but after a quick glance round she summoned a taxicab. Half an hour later she was ringing the bell of Katharine's apartment. Katharine herself opened it. For a moment she looked stunned; then she was welcoming Gerry with all her lovely friendliness. She was just in time for dinner, she declared, and all the family were home; it was so lucky, for next week Dick would be away.

That sounded all right to Gerry. But out in the dining room after the first greetings were over even she realized that the dinner of odds and ends had not been prepared for company. A younger sister was crimson with embarrassment and looked ready to cry; after dinner too there was a hurrying about in one of the bedrooms.

Suddenly Gerry understood. She had come a week too early! "I'll go back tonight!" she cried. She was really shocked for once.

"Indeed you'll not!" Katharine replied. "The very first train in the morning then," Gerry insisted. "I don't deserve to be allowed to come back after such a blunder, but please do let me come next week."

That is why Gerry walked in upon Cousin Joan the next noon. "Bought me that engagement calendar yet, Cousin Joan?" she inquired.

THE RIGHT TIME TO SELL PIGS

YES, the old Irish peasant knew his pigs, knew them rather intimately as a matter of fact. When to sell them in order to get the best prices never troubled him; he had his little rule for judging. But let Maj. A. W. Long, in Irish Sport of Yesterday, tell what that rule was. The major writes:

Here in a straggling wood of stunted oak and birch trees was a low thatched cottage where Robert told us a river watcher called Pat Lyden lived. Lyden met us at his door, surrounded by barefooted children,—the smallest in a dress made of a flour sack and bearing the brand of the flour in large blue letters across his little chest,—hens, ducks and several dogs, and with the western peasant's usual courtesy he insisted that we enter his cottage to rest. But Charles firmly declined. Seeing a look of pain and surprise in the man's eyes, I at once entered and tried to make myself agreeable.

While in the river watcher's house I heard the loud grunts of pigs, but failed to catch a glimpse of them. On the way back I asked Robert whether he knew where the pigs were.

"Indeed and I do well, yer honor," he answered with a laugh. "Sure, Pateen always kapes his pigs under his bed."

Charles shuddered, thankful that he had stayed outside, and remarked that it was an unusual place.

"In troth yer right, Master Charles," replied Robert, "but sure that same man has a fortune made out of them same pigs and all through kaping them 'neath the bed."

For some time Charles did not speak; but at last his curiosity got the better of his dignity, and he asked Robert how a man could amass a fortune by keeping pigs under his bed.

"Bogorra," replied Robert, laughing, "many a man has asked that same question of Pateen and got no satisfactory answer, but sure I'll tell yer honor. It's easy enough to sell a pig but had enough to know the right time to sell that same pig, and that's where the bed comes in."

Again Charles walked on, thinking hard. At last he reluctantly asked Robert to explain.

"Sure, yer honor's letting on to be mighty simple today," said Robert. "Pateen has the bed set so that when his pigs is big enough to make bacon of it's how they'll be after rising the bed on him scratching their backs,—so they would, the cratyrates,—and when he can't sleep quiet and aisy like he knows it's time the pigs be gone."

THE FIRST LETTER FROM NEW YORK

THE earliest existing letter from what is now New York City was written from the "Island of the Manhates" on the eighth of August, 1628, only two years after the purchase of the island from the Indians. The letter, which the late William Harris Arnold describes in his volume Ventures in Book Collecting, was written by Jonas Michaelius, the first minister of the (Dutch) Reformed Church in this country. Accompanied by his wife and three children, Dominie Michaelius arrived at the Island of the Manhates on the seventh of April, 1628.

At the top of the first page of the letter is this greeting:

"THE PEACE OF CHRIST
Honorable, very wise, very prudent
Sir, kind friend.

Having a good opportunity to write to others, I was not inclined to neglect doing the same to your Honor. I had promised to write to your Honor, and old as well as new obligations rendered me your Honor's debtor in this regard."

The letter briefly describes the voyage from Holland, which lasted seventy-three days. It was a tempestuous passage rendered additionally uncomfortable by the conduct of the arbitrary skipper and by "a very wicked and ungodly cook." The greater part of the letter, which covers three closely-written pages of the folio sheet, describes the conditions of living, the relations of the colonists with the Indians and the prospects of the little settlement. The fourth page bears the superscription, which, translated, reads:

"Honorable, well learned, very wise, prudent, valiant and very discreet Sir, D. Joannes Foreest, Secretary to the Hon. Lords of the Executive Council of the State of North Holland and West Friesland, residing at Hoorn.
"By friend whom God preserve."

THE LAST OF THE LINCOLN COURTHOUSES

THE old courthouse at Metamora, Woodford County, Illinois, the only courthouse still standing in which Abraham Lincoln practiced law, was, writes a contributor, transferred not long ago to the State of Illinois to be used as a Lincoln memorial and museum. The original and temporary county seat of Woodford was at Versailles, and the first courthouse was a square, one-roomed, unplastered building with a fireplace at either end, a raised platform for the judge's chair and seats made of split logs with the flat side up and set on pins.

At the end of two years it was determined to leave the permanent site of the county seat to



five commissioners, all of whom were men living outside the county. The commissioners were to meet at Versailles on the first Monday in June, 1843. Hanover, now called Metamora, more centrally situated and on the state road, was a contestant for the coveted honor, and the contest was waged with great spirit. As a last measure the Versailles faction intercepted the commissioner from Fulton County, who was believed to be in favor of Hanover, as he was on his way to the meeting and informed him that the meeting had been held and, lacking a quorum, had adjourned. Thereupon he turned his face homeward. Learning of the trick, the Hanover faction sent a rider on a fleet horse to overtake him. The commissioner again turned towards Versailles, and, although his horse gave out and he was compelled to stop overnight by the way, he reached Versailles in time for the meeting, where after due deliberation the vote resulted in favor of Hanover. The courthouse was loaded on runners and by a circuitous route to avoid heavy timber arrived at its destination after a two days' trip.

The courthouse that has become the Lincoln memorial and museum was built by David Irving in 1845 on a contract for \$4400. At that time there were no railways west of the Allegheny Mountains. With the exception of the windows, hardware and so forth the material used in its construction was wholly native product. The bricks and the lime were burned in near-by kilns. The timbers were hewn from logs cut in the near-by forest. The greater part of the lumber was sawed from black-walnut logs; the finishing lumber came from white walnut or butternut logs, and the shingles were of black walnut. These timbers must not be confused with the yellow, or shellbark, hickory or the white, or butternut, hickory, which throughout New York and New England are commonly called sweet walnut and bitter walnut respectively. The state of preservation in which the building is testifies to the enduring qualities of the materials. The style of architecture is typical of that of the courthouses of the period.

A FIFTY-POUNDER

WHAT angler for salmon but has dreamed of a fifty-pounder? Even in the famed waters of Norway few fishermen have had a go with such a monster. Maj. Harding Cox in A Sportsman at Large describes an encounter in Norwegian waters that gave him all the thrills both of success and of failure.

After breakfast, he writes, Tom and I entered the scow with Tollé to have another dart,

though the conditions were anything but favorable. As usual we started off with the fly, but neither of us met with a rise. Then we tried a prawn with no better result. After that just for a lark I affixed a weird mother-of-pearl spinner to my line. Tollé's steady blue eyes opened wider than I had ever seen them before; I think he thought the continual run of bad luck had affected my brain.

Suddenly a great body surged up from the depths and snapped my despised spinner hard and good. In doing so the fish came half out of the water.

Tom nearly fell backwards into the bow of the boat. "Good gracious, Cockie, what a fish!" he yelled. "It can't be a salmon; I believe you're foul of a porpoise or a shark!"

Whatever it was that had taken a fancy to my decorative lure, it went down deep—and then it ran! Oh, my aunt! I had no chance to check it until my whole line and half its backing was ripped off and my finger was cut halfway to the bone. At last the fish turned and came towards us. Shouting to Tollé to row for his life, I snatched in the slack hand over hand until I had a direct feel of the fish. The creature went deep again, suddenly stopped and then began "jiggering." I gave half a dozen short, sharp jerks; the fish suddenly stopped his bulldog-like worryings and made another terrific run. But I was able to turn him ere he had traversed fifty yards.

And so the battle waged; first the fish and then the angler got the better of it. After about forty minutes I ordered Tollé to pull gently to the strand, where it was our custom to land in order to fight out the final stages of our struggles with the various fish we had in hand. This one was now swimming deep but steadily about ten yards off and parallel with us. As soon as our scow landed Tom and I jumped out, and I had another ten minutes' fight with the fish.

At last when I had maneuvered it into a favorable position Tollé waded in with the gaff. But no sooner did the great salmon—for salmon indeed it was!—catch sight of Tollé's submerged legs than it was off again with a tremendous rush! All I could do was to scramble back into the boat. Tom remained on shore, but Lars, who had been watching the performance with wide-eyed astonishment, took his place, and we shoved off just in time to avert a catastrophe.

The fish was going so fast that again the whole of my line and most of the backing was out; the two boatmen had to row for all they were worth. Never did the salmon stop in the estuary, but went careering some hundred yards out into the fjord itself and then went fathoms deep!

Well, at last I managed to raise the great fish to the surface, where it began rolling about like a porpoise, entangling itself in the cast. It was exhausted, but the question then arose, how, when gaffed, could it be lifted into the scow? Thank goodness, Tollé and Lars between them managed to hoist it over the gunwale, though we almost swamped in the act.

Forty-nine pounds, nine ounces! Not one jot or tittle more would the steel register. Tom suggested that I cram a large stone down the throat of the fish, but I did not think that was altogether "cricket."

MR. PEASLEE OMITS A MORAL

MR. PEASLEE, coming to a stop as he mounted the platform before the village store, opened his mouth as if about to speak and on second thought apparently decided not to do so. Obed Wiggan, who had halted in a feeling recital of the damage done by the wind in his orchard, gave Deacon Hyne opportunity to ask a question.

"What is it, Kellup?" the deacon asked. "It was plain 'nough to all of us even when you was forty foot away that you had somethin' on your mind; I could see you kind of moutthin' it over when you got nigh 'nough so I could make out your features."

Caleb accepted the accusation manfully. "I wouldn't wonder much if you're right, Hyne," he agreed. "I s'pose I'm more or less given to talkin' over what I'm plannin' to say. My wife says I am, and she claims it's growin' on me; and I'll own moreover that I did



FORCE OF HABIT

Barber: Why are you so late this morning?
Assistant: I was shaving myself, and couldn't get away until I'd talked myself into a haircut and a shampoo!

—Stan Terry in London Opinion.

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have somethin' I was minded to tell you folks as I come along."

"Why not tell us?" the deacon persisted. Caleb colored consciously; he cleared his throat and hesitated. "I'll tell you why I didn't, Hyne," he said at last. "It's on account of you I held back; you've hinted to me more'n once that when I tell you anything I always lug a sort of moral to tail on to what I'm tellin'."

"Well?" inquired the deacon briskly.

"Well," Caleb defended himself, "this time the moral's so plain I can't help takin' notice of it. I couldn't keep it out if I wanted to. 'I shouldn't wonder if a dozen times in the past two summers,' he explained carefully, 'Wilton Gage has mentioned to me what he was minded to do to them boys that went and throwed a bridge over the brook at the fur edge of his pasture. More'n to ask him once what p'ticular hurt it done him to have the bridge there, out of the way as 'twas, I didn't say much. I didn't pay much heed anyway; I thought it was only some of Wilton's talk.'

"It wa'n't much of a bridge—a couple of spruce stringers fifteen feet long mebbe and some inch boards nailed crossways of 'em and not close together either, some of the cross boards was a good long step apart. A pretty tittish bridge, I'd call it, but it done well 'nough for boys to cross on, bein' young and nimble, and it cut off the better part of a mile in gittin' from one side of the town to the other."

"Well, it seems yest'day Wilton made up his mind he'd do away with it; he claimed the boys traipsed through there every day and scared his cattle. So he took his axe and struck over there jest after dinner."

"He owned up to me last night that he didn't know what in the world he could have been thinkin' of, but what he done was to cross over the bridge and begin to cut it free on the fur side; and jest as he fetched the last clip needful to cut that end free it come over him that he'd burnt his bridges, in a manner of speakin', for there he was on the wrong side of the brook, and his only means of gittin' back he'd jest hove into the brook—one end of it, that is. And jest then he heard a shoutin' and saw a couple of boys racin' down the slope to'rds him, wavin' their arms and hollerin'."

"Thinkin' that they was jest beggin' him not to destroy their bridge, Wilton kept right on clearin' away with his axe, but when they got within speakin' distance he could make out they was sayin' somethin' about his Holstein heifer, and that made him prick up his ears."

"Boylike, they both talked at once, but Wilton made out that his heifer'd got her head ketched in a narrer crotch in an apple tree and her horn under a limb so she couldn't git it out, and he'd got to come quick and help 'em. And there he was on the wrong side of the brook, cut off by his own spite against the very boys that was willin' and eager to help him!"

"Wilton owned up to me like a man," Caleb declared; "he said he never felt quite so mean in his life. When the boys got a look at things and saw he'd hove one end of their bridge into the water they didn't stop to reproach him. The sandy-haired one got into the brook the quickest, Wilton says, but he didn't lift any harder than the slimmish one did; and in no time they'd got their shoulders under the free end of the bridge and hove it back on to the bank. And then they stood to their arms in the water and stiddied it for him to pick his way over. And when he was safe across they come out drippin' like a couple of muskrats and raced back to the house to help him with the heifer."

"They got to the house," Caleb went on, "and while the sandy one and Wilton held down on the heifer's head the slim one lifted the limb off'n her horn so she could pull her head back. Wilton admits he never in the world could have done it alone."

"And when I come by this mornin'," Caleb concluded, "Wilton was out in his yard hewin' some juniper timbers eight inches square or better—they looked to me 'sif they'd make a couple of solid stringers for a bridge. And there was a couple of hand rails rounded out of two-by-four spruce. I look to see somethin' pretty tasty for a bridge over there in Wilton's pasture in the course of a day or so."

"Well," said the deacon after a few moments of silence, "why don't you go ahead and p'int out the moral?"

"If you can't see the moral in that," rejoined Caleb, "I surely ain't goin' to p'int it out to you!"

LINCOLN'S MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCE

AS is the case with some other great men Abraham Lincoln's personality exerted a strange and inexplicable influence on many of those who met him, or who merely looked upon him. That influence was often ascribed to the expression of his eyes, but, though those who felt its force naturally enough referred it to some physical basis, it was probably the effect of the soul,—the spiritual nature of the man,—for soul has a definite though mysterious way of speaking to soul. A strange example of Lincoln's power is given to us by a correspondent:

Early in October after the battle of Antietam the Army of the Potomac received word that President Lincoln would visit and review it and made great preparation for his reception. By that time the soldiers generally knew that the President was not altogether satisfied with the

result of the battle. That fact, coupled with his proclamation liberating the slaves, which had been issued a few days after the battle, made the coming of the President of more than ordinary interest. Some officers were apprehensive of trouble, for the idea of a war to abolish slavery was not popular with everyone.

Conspicuous among those who objected to emancipation was Capt. Edward Reynolds of the 59th New York Volunteers. The captain, although somewhat lacking in refinement, was companionable, entertaining and generally popular. In speaking of the President he was in the habit of referring scornfully to him as the "Old Man," and he frankly ridiculed Lincoln's sympathy with the slaves.

On the day of the review the 59th had a position well down the line. Several minutes elapsed before the cavalcade that escorted President Lincoln, and that was headed by General McClellan and comprised the entire staff of the corps, appeared in sight. As the procession approached everyone stood at attention. President Lincoln, pale and weary, rode a small dun-colored horse. Holding the reins in his left hand, and his hat in his right hand, he continually bowed to the troops as he rode by. Captain Reynolds kept his eyes on the President as long as he remained in sight.

On our return to camp the review became the principal subject of conversation. When Captain Reynolds appeared some one called out to him, "Hello, captain, what do you think of the Old Man now?"

To the astonishment of everyone Reynolds replied: "Gentlemen, I should like to say a few words. I have been making a fool of myself. When I first read the President's proclamation I thought that his only object in carrying on the war was to free the negroes, and it made me mad. Then I read the proclamation again, and I kept on thinking about it, and now I know I didn't get it right at first. I never saw President Lincoln until today. I can't tell you how I felt when I remembered how I had found fault with what he had done and how I used to joke about him and say mean things about him, but when he rode past me today I never felt so sorry for anyone in all my life. He was so pale and sad and seemed so faint that I was afraid he would break down. He seemed to me more like Jesus Christ carrying the Cross than a common man like the rest of us. I didn't understand till then. You will never hear me say any thing mean about the President again."

The captain sat down amid complete silence. By common consent conversation turned to other subjects. From that time Captain Reynolds, brave and active as ever, was a changed man. He was no longer jocular and light-hearted; he became serious and thoughtful. In December he fell mortally wounded while leading an attack against a concealed foe. He was removed to a field hospital where he died.

His last words were, "I have prayed God to forgive me for what I said about the President."

IN OTHER WORDS, PAY IN ADVANCE

AUTOMOBILE tourists are likely to meet with amusing experiences in their travels round the country. The Morris family drove into a small Western town some time ago, dog tired.

"Let's go to a hotel tonight," said Billy. "I'm too tired to get this tent off and set it up!"

"All right," Mr. Morris replied. Accordingly the party sought out the one hotel in the town. "Can you give us two adjoining rooms?" Mr. Morris said to the proprietor.

"Yeah, I guess I can," was the reply. "They'll be two dollars apiece or four dollars for the two."

A minute later, laden with baggage, Mr. Morris and Billy reentered the hotel, followed by Mrs. Morris and Alice, the little girl.

"Show us to our rooms now, will you?" said Mr. Morris.

"Yes, sir. They'll be two dollars apiece or four dollars for the two of them," the proprietor replied.

"Sure, I know," Mr. Morris agreed. "I've got my hands full now; I'll pay you in the morning."

"All right," the proprietor answered nonchalantly. "I'll show you to your rooms in the morning then."

HE UNDERSTOOD QUESTIONNAIRES

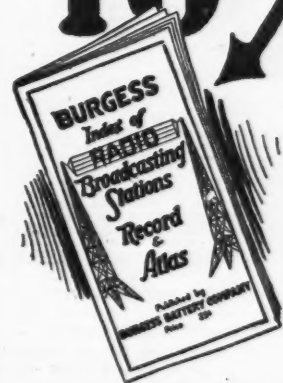
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After a ruthless sifting there were five applicants for the post of errand boy left for the head of the firm himself to interview. It was one of his flippant mornings, and he sought to amuse himself by asking the eager boys puzzling and irrelevant questions to test their general knowledge.

"How far away from the earth is the North Star?" was the question he fired at the third shiny-faced youngster.

"I'm sorry I cannot give you the exact figure, sir," was the reply, "but on a rough estimate I should say it is far enough away not to interfere with my running errands."

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THE COMPANION RECEIPTS

These receipts are gathered from original sources in America, Europe and Asia, and are fully tested under the supervision of The Companion

FRUIT PUDDING

1 cup of stoned prunes ¼ teaspoonful of salt
1 cup of stoned dates ¼ teaspoonful of cinnamon
½ cup of chopped nuts 1 teaspoonful of cornstarch
1 tablespoonful of sugar
2 cups of boiling water or prune juice
1 teaspoonful of lemon juice

Simmer all the ingredients except the nuts and the cornstarch for ten minutes. Add the nuts and then the cornstarch stirred into enough cold water to make a smooth paste. Boil the mixture and as it boils stir it constantly for five minutes; then pour it into moulds, chill it and serve it with whipped cream.

FEATHER CAKE

1 cup of sugar one tablespoonful of butter
1 cup of milk ½ tablespoonful of saleratus
2 cups of flour
1 egg
teaspoonful of cream of tartar

Soften, but do not melt, the butter, and beat it with the sugar and egg. Add the milk and the flour mixed with the saleratus and cream of tartar. Bake the cake in a shallow pan in a quick oven.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

bread (preferably homemade) cinnamon
butter sugar
6 sour apples preserves

Line the inside of a pudding dish with thin slices of bread, buttered on both sides. Peel, core and slice the apples and put a thin layer of the slices in the dish. Spice them moderately with cinnamon and add a liberal quantity of sugar; then add a layer of any kind of homemade preserves. Alternate the layers until the dish is full, then lay the slices of buttered bread on top and bake the whole until the top is brown and crisp.

EGGS IN TOMATO SAUCE

tomato sauce pepper
eggs salt

Fill individual baking dishes half full of highly-seasoned tomato sauce. Drop an egg into each, sprinkle it with pepper and salt and add just enough of the sauce to cover it. Then place the dishes in water and cook them in a moderate oven until the eggs are set.

SANDWICHES WITH BANANA FRITTERS

sandwiches flour
bacon or cheese egg
bananas cream
nuts

Make either chicken or ham sandwiches, and toast them. Lay a thin strip of fried or broiled bacon or a little melted cheese on the top of each sandwich. Serve them with banana fritters made as follows: Split the bananas lengthwise and roll them, first in a little flour, then in beaten egg to which a very little cream has been added and finally in chopped nuts, and fry them; or sprinkle the chopped nuts on when the dish is ready to serve. Coffee is excellent with this dish.

SOME GOOD SOUPS

There is nothing that "takes the chill off" like a plate of hot soup. Below are receipts for some especially good winter soups.

ITALIAN SOUP

2 ounces of grated cheese ¾ pint of stock
2 ounces of macaroni ¾ pint of milk
1 large onion or 2 small ones salt pepper
flour

Boil the milk, stock, macaroni and onions (cut up fine) until they are thoroughly cooked. Thicken the liquid slightly with a little flour, moistened to a smooth paste with cold water and rubbed through a fine wire strainer to remove any lumps. Pass the grated cheese in a small dish when the soup is served.

NORMANDY SOUP

2 ounces of raw carrot grated a little flour
fine 1 pint of good stock
2 ounces of onion minced fine 1 pint of milk
2 ounces of butter salt
1 bay leaf pepper

Put the butter into a saucepan and cook the onion and carrot in it for five minutes. Add the stock and boil the whole for forty minutes.

Boil the milk in another saucepan, thicken it with flour as in the receipt for Italian soup and cook the bay leaf in it for half an hour. Take out the bay leaf, pour the milk into the stock and serve the soup.

ASPARAGUS SOUP

soup stock flour
1 can of asparagus milk
1 slice of onion cheese sticks
parsley whipped cream

To any good soup stock add the tender part of a can of asparagus,—except a few of the tips for garnishing,—a slice of onion and a little parsley. Let the whole simmer for twenty minutes and thicken it with flour and milk or with the yolk of two eggs beaten with a little milk. Rub the mixture through a sieve, reheat it and serve it with cheese sticks. Place a little whipped cream and an asparagus tip on the top of each portion.

LITTLE SCONES

3 tablespoonfuls of butter
1½ tablespoonfuls of flour
3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
a pinch of salt a little boiling water
rich milk or cream

Add the baking powder and the salt to the flour, place the mixture on the pasteboard and rub the butter into it. Make a hole in the centre of the dough and pour into it enough cream or rich milk to make, with the addition of the boiling water, a soft paste. Mix the whole with the tips of the fingers, scatter a little dry flour on it, collect it and roll it out three quarters of an inch thick. Then cut it into rounds with a floured cutter and bake the rounds in a quick oven. Split the scones as soon as they are baked, spread them with fresh butter and serve them on a folded napkin.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

THE chief of the fire department of New York City—Mr. John Kenlon—began his career on the "briny deep" and had many adventures before he finally settled down to work on shore. On one occasion he set out from New York to see the Great Lakes and on arriving in Chicago by rail was lucky enough to fall in with a ship owner who needed a master for one voyage. We left Chicago, Mr. Kenlon writes in Fourteen Years a Sailor, on a clear crisp afternoon and in less than an hour had our sails set to a spanking southwesterly breeze.

I was naturally anxious to conceal from the crew that this was my first trip on the Great Lakes; otherwise they might have lacked confidence in me as a master, which would be a bad thing for all hands.

As we were somewhat short-handed I took a fairly active part in the work of "spreading her wings." When everything, including flying jib and miszen gaff-top-sail, was set I was sadly in need of a drink of water. I walked about the deck and carefully scrutinized a couple of water casks, one on the port side and the other on the starboard side, but much to my astonishment both were empty.

I was somewhat alarmed because we had apparently started out without drinking water on board; then I concluded that the water was stored in one of the deck houses, and I began to search for it. I did not wish to ask questions, but, as my search resulted in finding no water, I stepped to the door of the galley and met the cook just as she was coming out.

"By the way, cook," I said, "where are you getting the water to prepare the evening meal? If you have any, will you please give me a glass?"

The cook turned towards me like a flash and, drawing herself up majestically, eyed me all over. "By the heavens!" she exclaimed. "Fresh from salt water!"

Instantly I realized that I had made a serious "break." The fact of my never having been on a fresh-water lake before was now apparent to all on board.

The cook handed me a bucket attached to a lanyard and said: "Throw it overboard and help yourself to some of the finest drinking water you ever tasted."

It was difficult for me to keep my dignity in the circumstances, but I solemnly helped myself to a drink from the lake and was pleasantly astonished to find the water cold and sweet, as clear as crystal and in fact just what the cook had said it was.

ENNION'S IDEA

TWENTY centuries ago a Sidonian craftsman inscribed on a drinking glass

he had made, these words: "Made by Ennion, let the buyer remember." This is said to be the first advertisement.

To-day, every manufacturer who is really proud of his product, marks it, that all may know and identify his work. Then, by advertising, he throws on both product and mark the search-light of public attention.

Only good goods, fairly priced, can flourish in the light of advertising. The goods must be as advertised. Otherwise, they lose caste in the buyer's mind. And no business can thrive under the weight of public condemnation.

That is why a manufacturer places the reputation of his business at stake every time he advertises. He spends his money to invite your consideration of his wares, and then, perforce, must leave the final decision to you.

And that is why it pays to be guided by advertising and to buy advertised goods.

Read the Advertisements

OLIVER'S OVERCOAT AND SWEATER

By Hilda Richmond

"YOU see, Florence," said Mrs. Banks, "we divided the society into as many parts as there were members of the family, and you are the chairman of one committee in your mother's place. No, I positively can't come in and sit down. We pack the box three weeks from today; so have your things ready by that time."

"But I don't understand," said the young girl. "Please come in and tell me."

"Well, just a minute," Mrs. Banks seated herself on a chair and opened the paper in her hand. "You have Oliver; he's seventeen and needs a sweater and an overcoat. His dimensions are given here. Oliver wants to go to college, and he is pretty well fitted out with things his mother made from the contents of former missionary boxes, but he lacks those two articles. You have a list of persons to solicit, and you must have the

But as she hung up the receiver she remembered that Jack Hughes was forgetful; it might be well to try another place. So she telephoned to Fred Vincent and explained once more.

"Of course I will," said the young man cheerfully. "I've been thinking of giving two sweaters away to the garbage man. I wore them at college, and they are good, but I have no use for them now."

With the aid of the telephone Florence solicited all of the persons on her list, and by night she had a neatly written memorandum of articles and of sums of money promised for Oliver.

"I'm sorry I made such a fuss," she said penitently as she looked over her paper. "It was easier than I expected, and Oliver will be nicely fitted out. I'll use the money to buy pretty ties, handkerchiefs, books, school supplies and gloves—no, I won't do that. I'll ask some of the other boys for those things and send him the money."



"You may have it for two dollars," said the young lady

articles at Mrs. Percy's house by the fifteenth."

"Well, of all things!" cried Florence as she looked hastily at the list of names. "Here's Mrs. Trent, a lone widow, and has been for ten years. Where would she get a sweater or the money to buy one? And here's Mrs. Block. She wouldn't give a penny to anything or anybody. I must say they gave me a nice list."

"Florence," said Mrs. Banks, trying to keep the chuckles out of her voice, "your mother and I have been imposed upon in the missionary society so long that we tamely submit. I did try to say a word for you, but you know how it is. I'll admit that your committee is discouraging; but do your best, dear. The minister's wife sent a brave letter, but the case is very pathetic. They are up in the bitter cold weather of Montana, trying to minister to the needs of the forlorn miners, and they deserve encouragement. There are seven in the family, and the salary is pitifully small. Mrs. Emerson took the baby on her list; the others are well provided for."

"I'll do my best," said Florence.

"You have an easy task," said Mrs. Banks. "Ask Jack Hughes or John Temple or some of the boys in your crowd for the overcoat and the sweater and collect what money you can for neckties, shoes and the small articles that boys need at college."

"I don't see anything easy about it, Mrs. Banks. Here I am housekeeping for mother while she's away for the winter, and taking care of little Pauline for my married sister, and—"

"I'll trade with you," said Mrs. Banks soberly. "I have the minister; and all he needs is a fur coat, a heavy lap robe, a sweater, a pair of—"

"I'll stick to Oliver, thank you," interrupted Florence hastily.

The instant that Mrs. Banks left the house Florence Orton rushed to the telephone. A few moments later she was saying into the transmitter, "Jack, can you spare an overcoat or a sweater?"

"An overcoat?" came back over the wire.

"I want an overcoat for the missionary box," explained Florence. "You have too many clothes for one young man, and out on the frontier there's a boy who needs an overcoat and a sweater. Oh, thank you! You'll have them down here sure by the twelfth. Thank you!"

Oliver's clothes soon came to be a joke among Florence's friends, for every young man was personally solicited time and again for some contribution. The more Florence worked the more interested she became. In glowing terms she pictured the boy's struggles to get an education, and so often did she repeat the tale that it grew to be very funny to all her friends.

"Florence, I haven't had time to hunt up that overcoat and sweater, but I will," said Jack Hughes when he met her on the street one snowy day.

"If you find a pair of discarded overshoes bring them too," said Florence hastily. "I'm on my way now to solicit some reference books from Tom Gresham. Do you know, I'm getting a little bit worried about the clothes that have been promised. This is the tenth, and nobody has sent anything."

"You can depend on me," said Jack. "I hope so," replied Florence. "There's Bruce Corbin; I'll see if he can't spare some neckties for Oliver."

As she sped down the street in great haste after the other young man Jack laughed softly to himself.

On the morning of the eleventh Florence was awakened before daylight to tell a man at the door what to do with a large box that he had been paid to deliver at the Orton house. "There must be some mistake," said Florence sleepily.

"I have orders to bring it here. I'll dump it on the porch. It says: 'Miss Florence Orton' as plain as anything."

Florence was back in bed again when the maid came up softly to say that another box had arrived. Her little niece, Pauline, began to tease to see what was in the boxes, and



Florence, now thoroughly awake, dressed in a hurry and ran downstairs. On the front porch she found the second huge box. She went back to dress Pauline, but before she had finished the maid came to the room again and exclaimed, "A third box! I wonder what's happened, Miss Florence."

"I don't know; but as soon as Pete comes to attend to the furnace have him pry off a cover. We must see what is the matter."

Pete obligingly pried off some boards, and Florence drew out a neatly wrapped parcel. At that moment three more boxes arrived.

"Sweaters!" said Florence as she ran to the sitting room to examine the parcel. "From Jack Hughes."

By nine o'clock, after several more boxes had come, Florence discovered that the young men had played a joke on her; but she was far from resentful. She was too busy telephoning here and there to think of being angry. Two dozen girls received hurried calls to report at the Orton house at once. The busy maid served no luncheon that day. Pauline was sent to the home of a neighbor, and Pete tried to run three ways at once in doing what the girls told him to do.

"Hello! What's this?" said Jack Hughes that afternoon as he and John Temple were on their way to call at the Orton home. A grinning small boy on the street corner had thrust a handbill at him. "Great Sale of Clothing. Good as New," Jack read. "Sweaters Once Worn by the Famous Football Star, Jack Hughes! What do you think of that, John? Florence has turned the joke on us sure enough."

Temple held another bill in his hand and was staring at the three inch letters:

"Articles Generously Donated by our Celebrated Fellow Townsman! Sale Now Going on in the Brown Block! Neckties, Shoes, Gloves, Overcoats, Sweaters and Articles too Numerous to Mention. Come! Come! Come!"

"We'll have to be game," said Jack. "They've evidently hired that empty store on Main Street."

The two young men quickened their pace and soon reached the Brown Block. There they found a good-natured, laughing crowd of men, women and children fingering goods and talking and buying.

"Those girls must have worked like beavers!" said Jack as he elbowed his way to the sweater department. "I thought we had begged, borrowed and dug up enough old duds to swamp a second-hand store, but they have system and order here. I can't resist the temptation to buy something. Madam, what do you ask for that beautiful all-wool sweater?" he asked as one of the girls came to wait on him.

"You may have it for two dollars," said the young lady. "It was once worn by the celebrated—"

"Yes, that's the reason I want it," interrupted Jack, getting out the money.

"And I'll take this one," said John Temple. "I see it has been worn by the famous Mr. Temple; so I must have it before some one else comes this way. Bruce! Bruce! Here's the thing you've been looking for!" he added, turning to a red-faced man who had just come in. "Here's a bargain! A sweater almost new marked sixty-nine cents and once the property of the distinguished Mr. Corbin."

"I'll take it," said Bruce Corbin, producing a dollar. "Never mind the change."

Finally the crowd thinned a little, and the tired, hungry, excited clerks had a chance to get their breath.

"This afternoon we took in one hundred and ninety-one dollars and eleven cents," said Florence when she had counted the cash on hand. "And look at the stock we have left!"

The great sale of clothing lasted three days and more, and in the end everything was converted into money.

When the box reached the poverty stricken home on the frontier, all the family gathered round to unpack it.

"Nothing at all for Oliver except that envelope!" said little Amy in a disappointed tone. "No overcoat! No sweater! That's a mean shame."

Oliver was gazing wide-eyed at a strip of paper that he held in trembling hands. "Yes, there is something, baby," he said. "Here's a check for enough money for overcoat, sweater and everything, and with the work that I'm going to do there's enough to see me through several years of college!"



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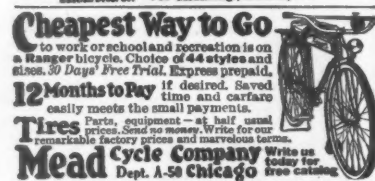


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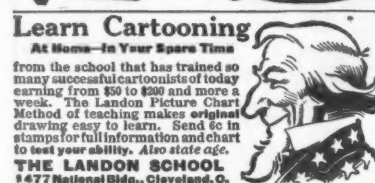
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TERMS

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

DIATHERMAMY

THE term "diathermamy" means the passage of heat and is used to denote a special way of applying electricity in order to warm the body tissues. The form of electricity used for the purpose is called the d'Arsonval, or high-frequency, current, and the rate of oscillation or alternation is extremely high—many thousands and even millions a second. When such a high-frequency current is used the resulting phenomena are very different from those that a slowly alternating current produces. When the alternations are increased to more than fifteen thousand or twenty thousand a second the pain and the muscular contractions that the application of an ordinary faradic or galvanic electrical current causes stops, and the person feels nothing except an agreeable sensation of warmth—that is, of course, if the amperage (quantity of current) is not too great. With moderate amperage there is a gentle heat at and between the points of application; the temperature of the body is temporarily increased; the pulse is more rapid, and the blood vessels all over the body dilate and thus cause a fall in the blood pressure.

The principle on which the electricity acts in producing diathermamy is something like that of an electric heater or stove. The resistance of the tissues produces the heat; the greater the resistance the greater the heat. Thus when the current passes through a limb the bone will become hotter than the muscles.

The use of diathermamy in medicine is constantly growing in value. The healing and pain-stilling virtues of heat have always been known, and in applying poultices and hot-water bags people have taken advantage of that knowledge; but in such cases the heat is effective only on the surface and has little penetrative power. In diathermamy, on the other hand, all the interior of the body that lies between the two electrodes is heated to any desired degree. Thus the warmth reaches the nerves and other deep parts, exerts a sedative action on them and causes a general relaxation of the tense tissues.

Heat is fatal to many of the disease-producing bacteria, and so diathermamy may have a curative action on diseased parts in the interior of the body. It has been used with apparent success in treating pneumonia. It has been used also in nephritis, in angina pectoris and in other heart troubles, in arteriosclerosis, in joint diseases, in gout, rheumatism, sciatica and other forms of neuralgia, and in softening fibrous adhesions in chronic deafness, the cause of which is the immobility of the little bones of the ear.

MISS ALMA'S DUTY

WHEN Miss Marvin came downstairs Elinor, who boarded with her, was waiting for her.

"May I go too?" she asked saucily. "I do so love to see you do it!"

"Do what?" Miss Marvin asked, taken by surprise.

"Your duty. Whom are you going to—tell the truth to—now?" Elinor's smile, mischievous and wistful, kept the remark from seeming impertinent.

Miss Marvin's mouth set firmly. "I'm going to see Emily Collins. She's just spoiling that Tolman girl, treating her as if she'd done something fine! And she ain't the only one Emily's spoiling either. It's putting a premium on sin, that's what 'tis!"

"Oh,—," Elinor began eagerly and then stopped. She walked gravely beside Miss Marvin to Emily Collins's.

It was a straight talk that Miss Marvin gave Emily. Once the tears came into Emily's eyes, but she stood her ground.

"I ain't never seen anybody hurt yet by being shown that really deep down they loved goodness better than sin!" she declared. "And I have seen people a-plenty so discouraged they were ready to give up, because people kept rubbing into them what sinners they were. Why,

just suppose, Alma Marvin, just suppose people kept telling you that you had the sharpest tongue in town and nobody ever once told you that under it you had one of the kindest hearts. How should you feel?"

"Emily Collins!" Miss Marvin cried. "Of all the mean, cruel things to say—" But something in Emily's eyes stopped the sentence. Miss Marvin looked from her to Elinor. Both faces were full of love and tenderness and something like pity. "I, I only tell the truth," she faltered.

"No, dearie, not always," Emily said. "Nobody can tell the real truth about any human soul except God. We can only pick out bits of it; so it's nice to pick out the big things."

"Like your kind heart, Miss Alma," Elinor finished.

BUNNY AS A PARLOR PET

YOU would be surprised at the extent of my sporting knowledge," wrote Miss Anna Maria Fay, a young American who visited England in the fifties, and whose gay and graphic letters home have just been published. "Indeed, it is quite necessary here. A young man whom you do not know takes you in to dinner. You exhaust the weather, but there is always a resource for you, for it is always apropos to say, 'Capital day for scent,' or the reverse. Mr. Erasmus Solway is master of a pack of harriers and hunts this manor very often. The hare runs in circles of three or four miles. There is nothing finer than a pack of hounds in full cry."

Later she also saw hares coursed by greyhounds and rabbits ferreted from their burrows to the guns of waiting hunters. Then one day she recorded:

"Our domestic circle has been enlarged and enlivened by the recent acquisition of an orphan rabbit, wounded by a ferret and of tender age, which now receives the unremitting care and tenderness of Uncle Richard, Maria and Kitty. It had not been weaned when it found itself torn from its mother and burrow. At first the greatest difficulty was found in inducing it to take any nourishment. A quill, forced into its mouth and filled with milk, was tried and so unsuccessfully that we felt the greatest trepidation lest next morning should find him a corpse. However, he did survive."

"The milk pipe, the tenderest cabbage and lettuce that the garden affords is furnished him with a lump of sugar for dessert. In the evening uncle sits and nurses him in the most fatherly manner and resigns him to Maria only when it is time to go to bed. The creature's bed is by her side, and after she has soothed him by walking him up and down the room carefully wrapped in a little blanket, he is finally composed to sleep and comfortably covered up. There are times when he is restless, and she has to take him into bed with her till he is quiet. Frequently she is aroused early in the morning by his scratching and scrambling to get out, or else there lingers in him a vulgar taste for digging with his little paws. I am sorry to say that my impression is that, notwithstanding the good society into which he has been introduced and his comfortable home, he would prefer his 'hail fellow, well met' among his own race, and his native burrow."

The poet Cowper, whose three pet hares, Tiny, Puss and Bess, hold an honored place in literary annals, was convinced that such was not the case with one at least of his favorites. Puss, a hare of especially amiable disposition, was privileged often to enjoy comparative freedom out of doors.

"He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee," wrote Cowper, "and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this did not succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed; the shyness of his nature was done away, and it was visible by many symptoms that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions."

Puss, when nearly twelve years old, died of old age; but it was upon his less adaptable comrade, grumpy, comical and suspicious, that Cowper wrote his famous Epitaph on a Hare:

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo,

Old Tiny, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild jack hare.

HOW THE APOCALYPSE GOT ITS NAME

TOURING about the interior of China in a shovel-nosed houseboat is a lively and unusual experience. So at least we gather from Mr. Harold Speakman's Beyond Shanghai. This extract from that entertaining book describes the beginning of the voyage and the giving of a name to the craft.

From the water on both sides of the houseboat rose the mingled sounds of vigorous river traffic. Junks, barges and cargo-bearing houseboats lay moored in endless progression against the jetties or, stirred to action by the rhythm of the great funnel oar at side or stern, moved

along the crowded waterway toward their destinations, bearing ponderous loads of hemp, bean cakes, wicker baskets and matting. Others carried mixed cargoes of pigs, poultry and garden vegetables, and still others were loaded down with great brown earthen jars quite large enough to have housed any two of Ali Baba's stoutest gentlemen.

Napoleon—no other name suited the houseboat's loudah so well—and his two sons, one large and one small, stood in the bow, armed with long bamboo poles to prevent any possible intrusion of bridgeway or passing river craft. Feeling a slight though regular undulation of the boat, as if some one in the stern were propelling it with an oar, I looked round the end of the cabin toward the rear deck to see who the fourth boatman might be. At the long oar in the back stood two women, trousered, it is true, but indisputably women! "Boatmen" was evidently a generic term in Napoleon's vocabulary!

Later in the day I ventured a mild protest to Ah Chow, not that I objected particularly, but—"Old man have got wife, have got daughter," explained Ah Chow. "Everybody live houseboat. What can do?"

"But the old man said, 'Four boatmen,' didn't he?" I inquired.

With wrinkled brow Ah Chow began to count on uplifted fingers. "Old man, he one boatman; big son, he one boatman; litty son, he one boatman." He hesitated, and his eye roved, troubled, to mine.

"Yes," I encouraged him, "that makes three boatmen."

"Old man say," continued Ah Chow resolutely, "two lady, she make one boatman!"

After that there was only one name for the houseboat with its "four boatmen" and its astonishing revelations. I called it the Apocalypse.

THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND

A GROUP of politicians were discussing all sorts of things, says the National Republican, when some one brought up the subject of red tape. That led to one man's telling a good story about red tape as it existed in India some years ago. He said that a native officer who was in charge of the documents of a certain town found that they were being seriously damaged by rats. He asked the government to provide him weekly rations for two cats to destroy the rats. The request was granted, and the two cats were procured; the larger of the two received slightly better rations than the smaller.

All went well for a few weeks; then the supreme government of India received the following dispatch:

"I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?"

The problem seemed to baffle the supreme government, for the official received no answer. After waiting a few days he sent off a proposal:

"In re absentee cat: I propose to promote the junior cat and in the meantime to take into government service a probationary cat on full rations."

The supreme government expressed its approval of the scheme, and things once more ran smoothly in that department.

A CHARGING RHINOCEROS

ONCE during an African hunt, says Mr. E. M. Newman in the American Magazine, a charging rhinoceros gave us some trouble. Two camera men in my party were filming him, but being photographed seemed to bore him, and he headed directly for one of the cameras. The man, relying on the hunter who was with us, kept on turning; but the hunter did not fire quite soon enough. The rhinoceros crashed down dead on top of the camera. Fortunately, the camera man had jumped aside just in time.

The second man filmed the whole scene, and it made a great picture when we recovered the smashed camera from under the beast, saved that film and combined it with the other.

POLITENESS AND LITTLE DISHES

HELEN was at her first party. When the refreshments were served, says Everybody's, she refused a second helping of ice cream with a polite "No, thank you," though she looked wistful.

"Do have some more, dear," the hostess urged.

"Mother told me to say, 'No, thank you,'" the little girl explained naively, "but I don't believe she knew how small the dishes were going to be."

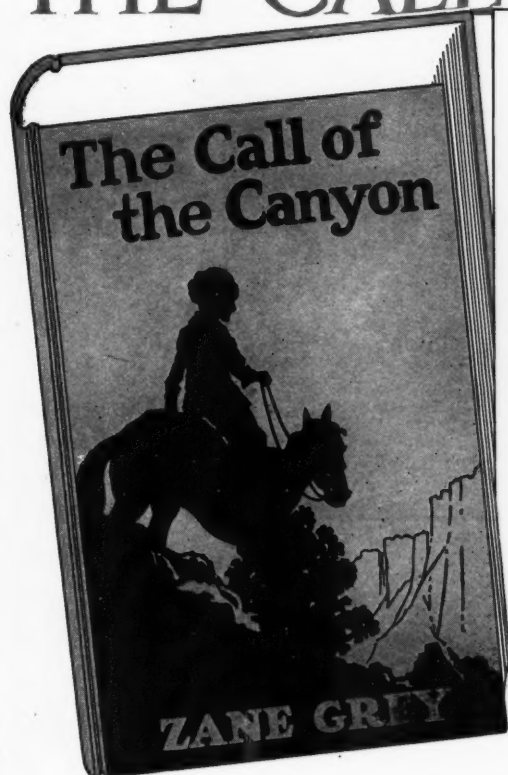
YES, THERE IS; GUESS ITS NAME

THE teacher was trying to explain to her pupils the meaning of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

There was silence, and then Tommy, whose father was an automobile dealer, spoke up. "Please, miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

ZANE GREY'S *New Book* THE CALL OF THE CANYON



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"GLEN! LOOK WHO'S HERE!" SHE CALLED, IN A VOICE SHE COULD NOT HAVE STRAINED TO HAVE HER LIFE.

Another "Zane Grey"—another great story of the West by the master writer of the Western story. With that amazing faculty for always going himself one better Zane Grey has made this an even more absorbing book than its predecessors

OUT there where the sunsets flare red, and the eternal mountains loom, and lonely deserts stretch for leagues under the stars, out there in the quivering solitude of the Painted Desert lies Zane Grey's country, which we have learned to know in all its purple vastness and emptiness and romance through Zane Grey's novels.

No one has ever seen this country from a car window; it is beyond that range of peaks, where only the cliff-dwellers, the red men, and long years afterward, the bolder spirits of the white race have penetrated. A sweeping panorama, broken here by the rush of the Colorado River through its giant canyon, there by the uprearing of a peak which would seem to cast its shadow across the whole world—there is the setting for Zane Grey's latest novel, "The Call of the Canyon."

In the "Call of the Canyon," we have Zane Grey at his best—a story which in background, characters and incidents many hundreds of American readers have come to look for from Zane Grey—the kind of story which has made him the most popular living author in the world—the kind of Zane Grey story which is strong and gripping, about real, understandable people, against a background right here in the United States which is magnificent and extraordinary.

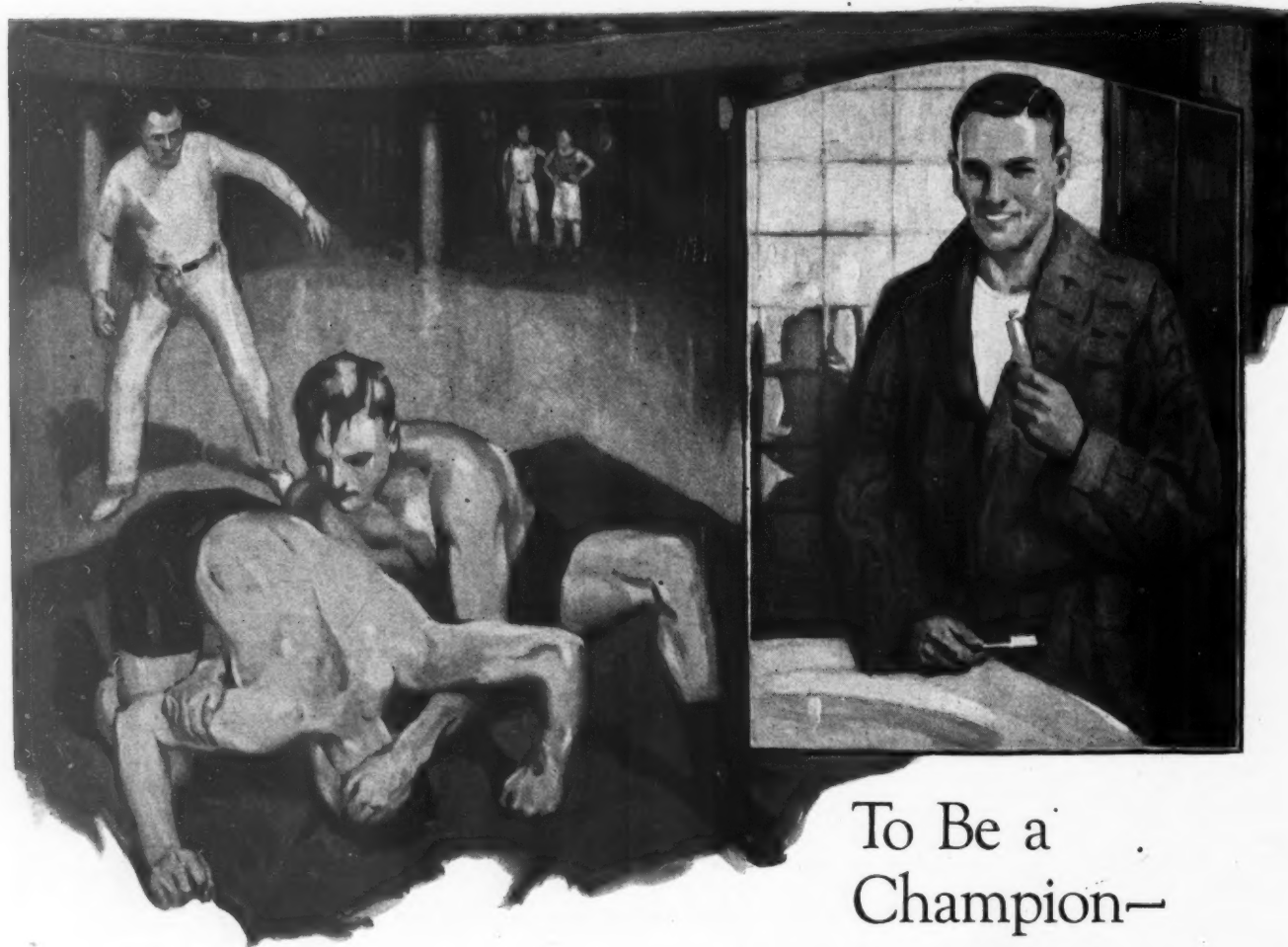
How Glen Killbourne and Carley Burch, his fiancée, find the lure of the mountains and canyons of Arizona a strange test for their love, makes a tale which the reader will follow breathlessly, with keen satisfaction, from the very start to the dramatic close. It is a thoroughly fascinating story written in the author's happiest vein.

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To Be a Champion—

A wrestling coach knows that to be a champion you must know the various holds and how to break those of your opponent.

But just as important is good health and strength. A wrestler can't afford to have unsound teeth which are a drain on health and strength. The fellow who holds the championship usually has fine white healthy teeth.

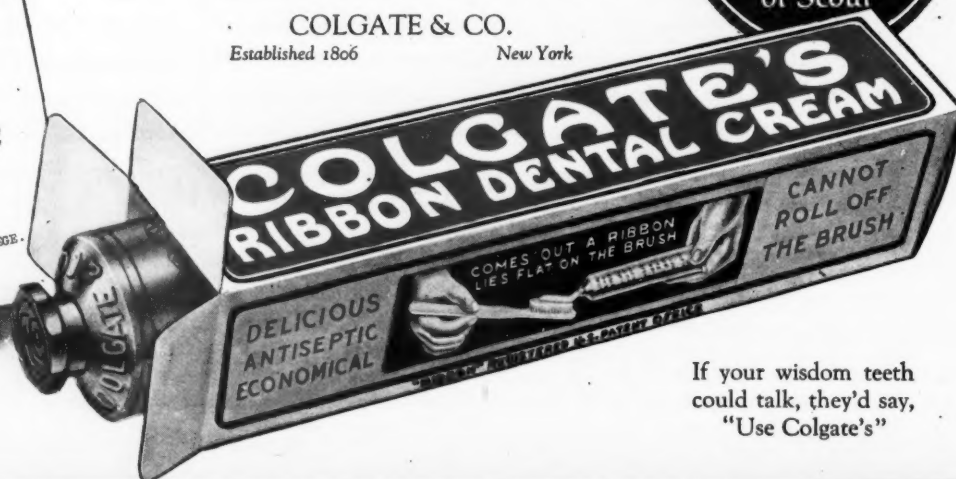
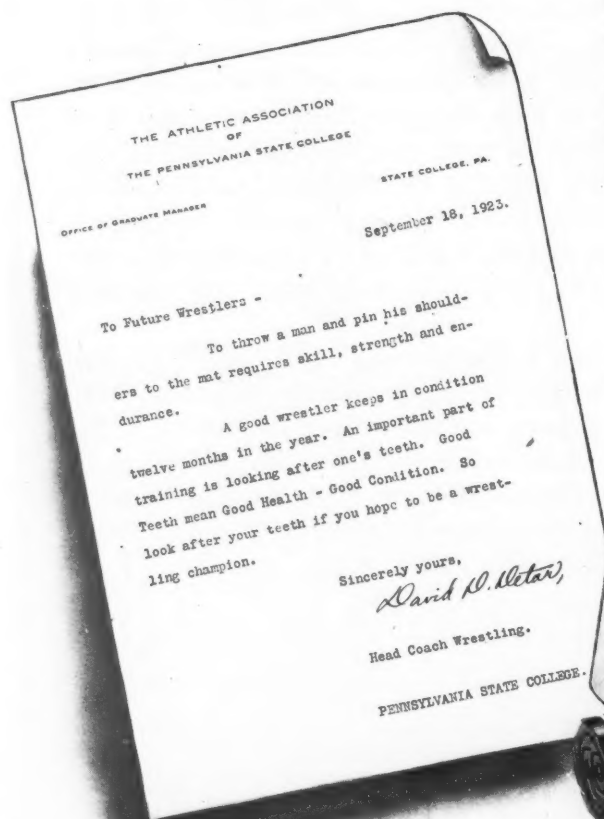
To keep your teeth in good condition, wash them clean after every meal and just before bedtime with a safe, non-gritty dental cream. Colgate's is a safe dentifrice that cleans teeth the right way. It contains no grit and no harmful drugs. Large tube 25c.

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